No. 555.

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

No. 444.

Wonderful Value in Fountain Pens. *See Page 18.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXV. No. 674. SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1919. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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JOHN BULL

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXV. No. 674. **Week ending Saturday, May 3rd, 1919.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

A Fizzle.

So there is to be no May Day strike after all—which probably accounts for the sudden trip of Mr. Robert Williams to the Continent, where no doubt he hopes for better luck.

Labour Autocrats.

An excellent example of the autocracy of the Democrat when "dressed in a little brief authority" is furnished by the high-handed threats of withdrawal of Messrs. Smillie and Chiozza Money when anyone dares to cross their path at the Coal Commission.

Land Values.

Many papers have taken up, with approval, our suggestion that, in connection with the Housing Scheme, the Government should utilise the work already done in the way of land valuation, under the provisions of the 1909 Budget. Or is this much-vaunted "boon" to be thrown on the dustheap?

National Insurance.

And this specimen of "rare and refreshing fruit" appears to be rotting, too. After all, the best cure for "the parched lips of the multitude" is a glass of good, wholesome beer.

Still Insulting Soldiers.

Following our recent revelation of the manner in which demobilised soldiers in France are insulted by having thrust into their hands German-printed war discs, smothered with texts, we find the Y.M.C.A. people at the same kind of thing at various camps over here. Haven't these people any sense of decency?

Lord Northcliffe.

Our article last week—"We are Backing Northcliffe"—has elicited warm sympathy throughout the country; rendered all the more welcome from the fact, not generally known, that Lord Northcliffe's visit to the South of France is due to an illness very far removed in character from the kind somewhat cruelly hinted at by the Prime Minister.

The *Cologne Post*.

We have already protested against the character of some of the advertisements appearing in this paper—"published by the Army of the Rhine." Here is a specimen: "Agents wanted in all parts of England for the sale of tools such as Drill-braces, Boring Machines, Files, etc., Good business can be done," etc. "Write to Rudolf Mosse, Cologne." Another advertisement is that of the "Sporhaus Zilisch"—and there are others! They must all come out.

Those Traitor Peers.

Now that they have been got rid of, what about the Peerages themselves? Are they to be abolished, or to be kept open for the heirs of the traitors?

An Ideal Magistrate.

What a brilliant success Mr. Ralph Bankes, brother of the High Court Judge, has proved as a Metropolitan Magistrate! Would that there were more like him.

Another School Story.

This from a South Hackney teacher: Having explained the meaning of the word "oration," the children were asked—"What do you call the person who delivers an oration?" Well, you can guess the answer!

THE PEOPLE'S LEAGUE.

This idea has soon caught on. We deal further with it on page 6.

Still At It.

Looking through the *London Gazette* last week we found, amongst the names changed by Deed Poll, the following:—Aufholz, Benecke, Darmstatter, Goldstein, Guttmann, Hirschfeld, Hoefler, Holtsch, Schleich, Scholz, and Schwer—and all have adopted good old British cognomens!

Mr. Justice Darling.

We have reason to believe that, after all, this popular Judge will *not* resign for some time to come—despite the fact that he has now been upon the Judicial Bench for upwards of 22 years. From our recent close association with him we are able to say that his mind is as alert as ever.

The Courts-Martial Inquiry.

That reminds us that this Committee is making rapid progress, and we think its Report will be issued at a much earlier date than was originally anticipated.

Official Eavesdroppers.

There are grave objections to the system under which individuals engaged in business in foreign ports are permitted to act as Vice-Consuls. The following is a summary of the situation at a South American centre. The head of a large business firm is British Vice-Consul, and, as such, has direct access to all consular documents, including British merchants' invoices, so that he is in possession of the names of their customers and the prices at which the goods are shipped. And we wonder we lose markets!

Sanctimonious Sophistry.

What do you think of the present level of public life morality, when the *Yorkshire Observer* describes as "admirable Christian charity" the declaration of the Primate that "no one would wish to press undertakings given in the excitement of a General Election"?

That Tom Cat.

A man has just been fined for using language in Hyde Park "whereby a breach of the peace might be occasioned." One of his alleged statements was that he "wouldn't trust Horatio Bottomley with his tom cat." As a mark of our gratitude we have offered to pay the fine.

Strange Reasoning.

The *Western Gazette*, in commenting on our speech on the Aliens Bill, asks: "But what of humanity or decency if a good cry for reviving the declining fortunes of the Coalition can be got out of the anti-alien stunt?" That, we suppose, is why we moved the rejection of the measure!

A Ragged Rump.

It really is remarkable how old political shibboleths do stick to their victims. The *Huddersfield Examiner*, for instance, discussing this same topic, says we "were followed by all the rag-tag and bobtail of the House." Here are some of their names: Sir John Butcher, K.C., Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., Mr. C. B. Stanton, Col. Burn, Mr. Joynson Hicks, and Sir Richard Cooper. Now you know them.

Lost Reputations.

Several readers have asked us whether we can explain the meaning of the statement in the *Daily News* that "it is not an easy thing, as Mr. Bottomley is doubtless aware, to retrieve the jewel of good repute once it has been decidedly lost." We presume our contemporary has in mind its unfortunate appeal to Britain, on the eve of the war, to stand out and secure the profits of trading with the various belligerents and neutrals.

A Cruel Blunder.

Last October the father of a soldier of whom all trace had been lost received this telegram from the Red Cross Society:—"War Office 'phone us to-day Private ———, 1st Batt. Royal Scots Fusiliers, is a Prisoner of War." A month later the War Office denied all knowledge of their 'phone message to the Society, suggesting that, in view of the time elapsed, it was to be feared the gallant soldier "did not survive the engagement in which he disappeared." Who was responsible for this cruel blunder?

More Publicity, Please!

The next time the Mayor of Bermondsey has the honour to invest returned Bermondsey soldiers with their well-earned decorations, he will be well-advised to perform the ceremony in public, and not in the seclusion of the Council Chamber, with the heroes' relatives relegated to the gallery as mere onlookers. In short, when these gracious ceremonies have to be performed, let Bermondsey see.

Timely Promotion.

The workers at Woolwich Arsenal are not likely to wear deep mourning over the transfer of Colonel Vanderleur, Director of Gun Inspection, to another sphere of service. A good deal of the dissatisfaction at the Arsenal, which from time to time has found an echo in these columns, has affected the authority of this officer, and it is therefore not unfitting that he should have earned timely promotion, as has happened with many misfits of the war.

Their German Friends.

We wonder whether T. A. Leonard—or his friend Ramsay Macdonald, who stopped with him at Bryn Corach during the war—drafted the "message" for the Bryn Corach Holiday Fellowshippers, Limited, "assuring the German friends, who stand for the same ideals as ourselves, of our desire to work with them for a future of international good-will and peace." Why not transport the "whole biling" to Berlin? *Then* they'd be happy. And so should we.

Muzzle Dodgers.

Just as there is ample reason for believing that the re-introduction of rabies into this country was due to a few foolish men, so there are signs that its extirpation will be delayed by a few foolish women. During the holidays they tried to get away with their dogs in motor-cars. One we hear of took her toy dog to the seaside, a long railway journey, in a luncheon-basket. This sort of thing is not only an offence against the community; it is an offence against all other dogs. The more loyally the Muzzling Order is carried out by everybody, the more quickly will the need of it pass away.

D'Abernon's Trip.

Some weeks ago we heard that Lord D'Abernon had gone on the stump for the pump to Paris at the invitation of the aqua-puritans of France—La Ligue Contre l'Alcoolisme. His Lordship's mission, so it was understood, was to consider with them "what temperance proposals should be laid before the Peace Conference." What proposals, if any, he and they laid before the Fateful Four or the Tardy Ten, have not since been disclosed. Will his Lordship kindly prepare us for our misery by revealing whether one of the conditions of the League of Nations is that we shall all go dry?

Pity the Hun!

To draw a bow at a venture, we should say the "Fight the Famine Council" of Holborn is part and parcel of the old gang of Hunsheviks which has been so exquisitely sensitive to the sorrows and sufferings of the Hun throughout the war. Anyway, this "Fight the Famine Council" has readily learned the idea of stuffing its pity-the-poor-Hun literature into the letter-boxes of private houses, sneaking out in the dark in order to ply its humane avocation. A pamphlet ending "Feed the hungry and have done with your blockade and enmities" is their latest out—and their latest in. They yearn to fall on the neck of the Hun and kiss him as a brother.

The Murman Coast.

One prime cause of our men's hardships in North Russia was that the ships could not be discharged. Yet we believe that in September last volunteers were gathered together to go to Russia for that very purpose. They were told, a little later, that their services were not required. This appears to point to yet another instance of gross bungling.

Putting On the Screw.

Forty-five and a half years Mr. Fox has served the Oldham Corporation as Building Inspector, and his services have been appreciated, for in October his salary was increased 5s. 9d. a week, and this in spite of the fact that he had received an increase before—twenty-nine years previously, to be precise. But Mr. Fox is not satisfied. He points out that other members of the staff are receiving a war bonus of 24s. 6d. a week, and that even the office boy enjoys a 9s. bonus. So, he's turning the job in. Good luck to him!

STOP THAT APPOINTMENT!

See page 8.

Not a Ramper.

A Lowestoft trawl skipper urges that, whoever profits by the great Fish Ramp, it is not the fisherman. His catch is sold by auction, and he must put up with the price obtained, large or small, but he thinks there ought to be a minimum Control price, as well as a maximum. His argument he backs by relating: "I landed plaice at 30s. a box of six stone, which was a bad price in peace time. On my way home, I passed a fish shop where plaice was 10d. a pound—and they say we get any price we like!" It seems to be somebody else who gets it.

City Churches Scandal.

On a recent Sunday only four or five people were present at the service in St. Peter's, Cornhill. The Rector, the Rev. G. B. Doughty, has the smallest parish in the City. The living is returned at £900 gross, and £775 nett. This is his emolument for praying and preaching to empty pews, while hundreds of hard-working parsons up and down the country do not receive enough salary to keep their trousers patched. St. Peter's ought to be pulled down and part of the stipend given to poorer livings.

"Canadian Emigrants, Beware!"

Judging by what we hear, it is high time that our old slogan were repeated. The Canadian Government announced its intention of giving a free grant of land to all returned soldiers, but found out rather late in the day that practically all that within reach of transport facilities was owned by the great railway companies, who might sell—at a price—but would not give. Somewhere at the back of beyond there may be land available for settlers, but it is in districts utterly unsuitable for English wives and children.

"Our Blockade."

Outside the City Temple the other day a member of the Women's International League was distributing a leaflet, printed by the National Labour Press, Ltd. Above an illustration of two naked skeleton children (Austrians), the leaflet declared, "Our Blockade has caused this. All over Europe millions of children are starving." As this league of British women internationalists is always dropping tears over the Huns, it is perhaps not worth while asking what would have been the fate of British children if the Germans had possessed our fleet?

The Weary Wait.

Some of the poor, patient people waiting for passages to their Colonial homes are asking why hospital ships cannot be demobilised into passenger steamers once again. For instance, we hear of three of such vessels lying up at Scapa Flow. On one, the *Garth Castle*, were only eight patients. Somebody on board must have a soft job. But why should home-seekers wait?—all primed up with passports and no ships to go!

Telephone Troubles.

The London Telephone Service does not improve. Here are two bad cases of complaint. One firm desires an extension of line; the other, with the lines already laid, only needs the instrument, but cannot get the Service even to send a man to look at the job. In a letter, the District Contract Agent ascribes the delay to the depleted engineering staff. This must be rank nonsense, for there are plenty of competent men looking for work.

Voluntary Ladies.

Those good and gracious ladies who stepped forward to undertake voluntary work temporarily in Government and other administrative offices should consider now whether they are not keeping returned men out of a berth. There are, we think, a number who might gracefully retire, accompanied by a vote of thanks for services rendered. We refer more particularly to those "voluntary" workers whose "expenses" are sometimes more than other persons' salaries.

Down on the Cinema.

Five magistrates sat at Barnstaple in a charge against Lieut. Jones, of the Palace Cinema there, for admitting some children when the local schools were closed owing to influenza. This terrible offence occurred on a Saturday afternoon; on the following day the Sunday schools reopened, and on the Monday the day schools recommenced. It might be argued that the "close period" finished on Friday, for on Saturday the schools are always shut. But Mr. Jones was fined £2, and was lectured about his "serious" offence.

The Alien Hand.

A man "of Swedish extraction," Julius Olaf Platen, has been before the Portsmouth Magistrates for stealing in the course of his employment as manager under the Navy and Army Canteen Board. Though it is not for us to prejudge the case, it is at least pertinent and proper to ask the Board why, with so many discharged soldiers unemployed, they should give these jobs to foreigners. They ought to have better sense, if not more patriotic feeling, than to flaunt their preferential aliens before the face of the British Tommy.

Swollen Assets.

The Enginemen and Firemen of the Great Western Railway have a Mutual Assurance, Sick, and Superannuation Society all to their own cheek, and still they are not satisfied. Nor do we blame them. It appears that the maximum pension awarded to members who are past work is 17s. weekly; yet, according to the last balance-sheet, the assets of the Society totalled £476,617. The Directors could easily pay out a few shillings a week extra on the pensions, while still leaving a handsome margin in case of emergency. At present, however, they decline to do so without increasing the contributions. We trust this decision may be reconsidered.

A Pleasure Ship.

A vessel steamed away from Cardiff in October last. At the end of January she had left Panama and was off to Sydney. When she reached there she would have accomplished the unusual feat of voyaging 14,000 miles without a cargo. Any privately-owned ship, run on those lines, would soon bankrupt its proprietors, but, as she is under Government orders, a joy journey like this seems to worry nobody.

"Wherewithal Ye Shall Be Clothed."

If Sister Susie is sewing "civvie" suits for soldiers, she must be doing it on the ca' canny system. We hear of soldiers demobbed as far back as January, who, after being driven from pillar to post, referred to Regimental Paymaster, Battersea Park, and Pimlico, have not yet been served out with so much as a suit of "reach-me-downs" to enable them to return to civil life. We are promised a land fit for heroes to live in. First let's have an adequate supply of clothes fit for heroes to walk in.

Out at 70.

The United Patriots National Benefit Society is among the "sick clubs", that turn off their old members at the age of 70. After 37 years' membership, a Berkshire reader is informed that, having completed his three-score years and ten, he is no longer eligible for sickness or superannuation benefit, although, by way of consolation, he will be "permitted to contribute to the Funeral Fund as heretofore." A nice return for nearly 40 years' contribution! It is time the State stopped this little game.

A Medical Grievance.

Panel doctors have been given a bonus to cover the increased cost of living, but it seems that this boon has not been extended to the Medical Officers of dispensaries and similar institutions approved under the National Health Insurance Act. It is pointed out that owing to the war a great deal of extra work has been thrown upon the staffs of these institutions, who, when living outside with wives and families to support—debarred, as they are, from private practice—would seem to have a strong claim to level treatment with their brethren of the panel.

An Act of God.

A Wigan reader complains that her cottage was recently flooded through the overflowing of the River Douglas. The Town Clerk said it was an "Act of God," and so, perhaps, in a legal sense, it was; but such untimely manifestation of the Supreme Power may be averted by due precaution. We understand that the Wigan Corporation are taking steps to protect their own property from the river's playful pranks, so perhaps in due course they will consider what can be done for the riverside cottagers.

An Old Acquaintance.

Readers may remember Mr. R. H. Jaques, of Easby Hall, a Yorkshire magistrate, who was convicted, last year, of cruelty to a cat. He has been keeping the local County Court busy. His first case concerned an agreement to shoot over his estate. The tenant had poor sport, and the Judge considered there had been "gross overcharging" by Mr. Jaques. The other claim was for possession of a cottage occupied by a man who had been head gardener to Mr. Jaques for 24 years, and who, seeking an increase of wages, had received notice to quit instead. Mr. Jaques seems to be "a very nice man, we *don't* think."

Fines for Patriotism.

It is a pity that the Associated Iron Moulders of Scotland cannot afford to be a little more generous to members. The time spent in the Army or Navy is not to count for Superannuation Benefit, while if the discharged Service man wishes to re-qualify for ordinary sick pay, he will be fined 5s. for every year he has served his country. Only severe financial stringency could justify such conditions.

Butchers and Customers.

Butchers coming from the Army back to civil life are, as we have already noted, faced with the impossibility of re-opening shop, because they have no registered customers. There are quite a number in this untenable position, who have paid rent for empty shops while stay-at-home rivals stole their trade. The restrictions upon such ex-Service men must be immediately done away with.

The Bagman's Samples.

One way by which a beneficent Government encourages home trade is to hang up a commercial traveller's business luggage as well as making him pay the 50 per cent. excess fare. There is a bagman carrying 2 cwt. of samples, not for fun, but because it is necessary. He is allowed but 100 lbs. personal luggage, and his samples must be sent by goods train, so that they arrive in a town two or three days after he gets there. Small wonder there is "unrest" in the Commercial Room!

Masters and Men.

The Cambrian stationmasters have a grievance. At a recent meeting it was stated that the average weekly wage of a stationmaster on the line was £2 10s. to £3 10s., and that they had to work anything from 10 to 14 hours a day. Against this, porters—some of them raw youths of 18 without experience—were drawing over £4 a week, being granted a weekly bonus of 33s., and paid time and a quarter for all work in excess of the eight-hour limit. Lucky porters!

A WARNING TO PARENTS.
See page 5.

Subsidised Work-Shys.

Resolution from the Clerk, Mr. J. Tyson: "That the Dalton-in-Furness District Council views with grave concern the reckless payment of unemployment donations, which is causing feelings of disaffection and disgust among the majority of people." The majority of people who are not getting the unemployed donation especially; the others are happy. Sir Robert Horne, the Labour Minister, is now making an effort to turn down the screw, and many workshys are beginning to realise that it is about time they got into collar.

A Slick Proposition.

Noticing a newspaper advertisement of a farm to let, a discharged soldier was encouraged by the intimation "Ex-Service men preferred." Applying for particulars he received from the agents, Messrs. W. Brown & Co., of Tring, a notice stating that "the present tenant supplies the Aldbury village with milk," and "the landlord would wish this to continue," also that the tenant would be expected "to provide pasture for two of the landlord's cows." Moreover, it would be desirable for the tenant to possess a capital of £3,000. Rather a heavy sum to risk, especially as the landlord had apparently not made up his mind whether he or the tenant should run the business.

Wanted for Games.

During the war a large open space at Barnstaple, dedicated by the late Mr. F. T. Rock to the uses of sport and recreation, was commandeered by the Town Council for forage purposes. This may have been all very well at the time, but now that the soldiers are coming home, bringing with them a quickened zest for games, can nothing be done to restore the ground to its proper uses?

His Place Filled.

Hard is the lot of apprentices who joined up. Here is one, a Manchester lad, who enlisted at 17, and whose employers refuse to take him back. And his Union—the National Union of Bookbinders and Machine Rulers—"regret they cannot do anything for him," one reason being that they had supplied the firm with another apprentice, as they tell this lad—"in your place." It is almost enough to make a brave youth wish he had stayed at home.

A Basket of Flowers.

Discharged from the Army, incapacitated for heavy work, with a wife and child to support, in addition to a widowed mother, a poor fellow made application to the Chelsea Borough Council for permission to stand a basket of flowers beside a tree in Sloane Square. The Council cannot see its way to accede to his request. Why on earth not? Besides providing a means of livelihood for a man who has served and suffered, it would tend to brighten a very dull square.

Coloured Seamen and Delegates.

The scandal of the boycotted coloured British seamen takes a new turn at an important Welsh port, which, for the moment, we do not particularise. The bar set up there is said to be controlled by some delegates who prevent the signing-on of these men unless gratified by a payment of two or more pounds. Most of the coloured men, declining to be bled, are left stranded and helpless. Some who have submitted and paid have got ships. These allegations touch the honour of Unions with delegates where the boycott is in force.

Schmidt of Edinburgh.

Not since the Armistice being required on the work of National importance which the Scottish Committee suggested would meet his case in 1915—to wit, making munitions in England—Herr Carl Heinrich T. Schmidt has returned to Edinburgh to pursue his pre-war calling as a photographer. It is clear that Herr Schmidt's continued presence among the Scots is inconsistent, as in many other cases, with the Prime Minister's familiar declaration, "The Germans won't be long in this country, I can assure you. They are going to be fired out, and there will be no more coming in." Will Mr. Lloyd George kindly state when?

"Unpunished Brutality."

The other day we were deploring the fact that five young ruffians, convicted by the Swadlincote (Leicestershire) Magistrates of gross cruelty to a cat, were not ordered a sound flogging as a fitting punishment for their brutal conduct. We now learn from the Chairman of the Bench that all the culprits were over 14 years of age, so that the law would not permit the application of the birch. It is clear, therefore, that there was no failure of duty in this respect on the part of the Magistrates, although we are very much of the Chairman's opinion that where such wanton depravity is shown the whipping age might usefully be raised.

The "Relieving" Officer.

The primary duty of a Relieving Officer is to administer relief—certainly not a rebuff. A poor old fellow of 68, a hawker of Bromley, committed suicide—apparently because, when seeking admission to a sick asylum, the Relieving Officer "spoke so abruptly to him that it broke his heart." We quote from the Press report of the inquest, held at Stepney. Whether the charge is true we cannot say, but if it be such a man is obviously unfitted for his post.

A Possible Solution.

How about those two rows of houses adjoining the camp at Risborough, Cheriton? We understand they belong to the Military, and were in peace times used as married quarters attached to the Barracks. But why on earth are they permitted to stand empty at a time when the housing problem was never more acute? As homes for disabled Service men and their families they would be ideal, for Cheriton is a healthy place; but we fear that so altruistic a solution of the problem is scarcely likely to find favour with the authorities.

Porcine.

Pray silence for the Master Pork Butchers' Association of Manchester. "On behalf of the above Association, I beg to bring before your notice that the Ministry of Food have forwarded a communication to the Foreign Office advising that Denmark should be allowed to import feeding-stuffs in order to establish near at hand a source of supply of good and cheap bacon. . . . The Government are again looking after the interests of foreigners more than those of English agriculturists." For the moment, we do not see the news that way. If the object of the Government, as is admitted, is to give us good and cheap bacon, that's the sort of bacon we want for breakfast. It is a long time since anybody has tasted it.

Aphoristical.

By all accounts, packers in Messrs. Lyons and Co.'s tea department have been very recently startled by the appearance of this printed aphorism on the envelopes in which their wages are handed to them: "Unless you're a professional, WORK is the only game you can afford to play for money." Says one of them, "We don't know whether it's complimentary or not, because, as you probably know, anybody who works for the above firm has to work jolly hard." Now the girl who uses that phrase "jolly hard" speaks in the true spirit of all good workers, whether she means it or not. Work you hard and work you jolly, that's the game for Pretty Polly; than that we don't suppose Messrs. Lyons mean anything more or less.

A Spiked Peril.

We suggest to the authorities at the General Post Office that they should at once make a clean sweep of the barbed wire entanglements on the Newgate Street side. There have been several complaints from persons whose clothing has been damaged by it, and it does not improve matters when the P.M.G., while "regretting the damage," declines compensation and disclaims liability.

Clerks of the Records.

Male civilian clerks in the Infantry Record Office at Lichfield are asking, quite justifiably, why their pay should be less than the receipts of soldier clerks doing similar work. Hard experience has taught them that 47s. a week will not go far in keeping up a home, wife, and family. And it is quite on the cards that a reasonable increase, besides easing their lot, would give them heart to turn out better work. Many of them were soldiers a little while ago, so they have a right to ask.

Departmental Delay.

A man, until lately working at the Arsenal, explains how it is he is receiving the out-of-work donation. He secured another job, and the people wrote to a department at the Arsenal for his references. No answer being forthcoming, the man himself wrote, and also called. After a delay of three weeks he was honoured by a gracious reply that "any inquiries from prospective employers will be replied to." But the employers are still waiting, and the man is still sitting at home, doing nothing except draw his donation.

Skinny.

So long ago is it since we heard of bunny that we thought he had vanished utterly from the land at 1s. 9d. Not so. A lady of Limehouse has bunnies to sell. "Now the Government weigh them to us at 9d. a pound," she says, "and we have to sell them at 10½d. a pound, which, if we skin them, we just see our own money back, or weigh them in the fur and allow the customer a 1d. off after I've skinned it, for the skin. Could you possibly get it altered for us to 8d. a pound wholesale, so that we may skin them and sell them for a fair living?" The worst of it is that, according to legend, everybody gets skinned in the rabbit trade from the rabbit, via the dealer, right down to the customer. It's a hard world.

Watch this figure GROW!
The Number of Claims already Paid under our Free Fire Insurance is: **53**
For Registration Forms see page 20.

Another Postman's Knock.

Pensions to Civil Servants having been increased, St. Martin's-le-Grand ought to follow suit. Here we have a rheumaticky old postman, 62, with over 35 years' service, awarded a First-Class Certificate, granted the Imperial Service Medal—and also granted a pension of £55 17s. 6d. a year. On that he must maintain self, wife, and home—and, incidentally, help his son's widow and her five little ones!

When Beaks Differ.

Mud, which clingeth closer than a brother, is no respecter of persons—nor of motor-cars. A vehicle quits the garage clean as a whistle, slush flies over the number-plate, and the police step in. At Lambeth, Mr. Chester Jones fined drivers whose identification plates were obscured but held that owners were not liable. About the same time, Mr. Biron, at Old Street, considered a similar case. The motor-van had gone out spotless, but mud intervened. The fines were 3s. for driver, and 15s. for owner. It now remains for the two Magistrates to argue which was correct.

Not so Quick.

One of the tortoise tribe is Mr. A. E. W. Phipps, of the Midland Works, Harborne, Birmingham, manufacturer of incubators and other poultry-farming requisites. On February 21st Phipps signed a receipt for £7 1s. 6d. for a hot water incubator and the cost of carriage. On March 14th Phipps was sorry, and would like a few more days to execute the order. On April 2nd Phipps was cross, and didn't want to be hurried. "I accept no responsibility," he wrote, "for delays over which I have no control." People from whom Phipps accepts cash with order had better understand this. It will save their time and his temper, and be nicer all-round.

The Essence of Meanness.

After having been a cleaner at the East Parade Girls' School, Horsham, for just on forty years, Mrs. Denyer—a widow dependent on her earnings—has resigned. In order to make some small recognition of such long service, the School Managers recommended the Education Committee to grant her a bonus or gratuity of five guineas. The West Sussex Education Committee "regretted their inability to accede to the request." Whereupon the Managers unanimously decided to request the Committee to reconsider the matter, but the Committee "are unable to alter their previous decision." It seems mean, but perhaps the Committee adopt this attitude in the hope that Mrs. Denyer may reconsider *her* decision—and put in another forty years.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

As spokesman for the British Nation,
The Lord Mayor thanks the Australasian.

In Paris Jack is made to feel
That he is reckoned *très gentil*.

The dogs who mussing most need
Are those, who're dirty dogs indeed.

The German Bolshevik may bluff,
But Foch has got him by the scruff.

Candid Communications.——

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR CHANCELLOR,—I am almost as bewildered as you must be over this proposal to tax bachelors. The problem certainly calls for delicate handling, and I think a distinction should be drawn between men who are bachelors for the fun of the thing, so to speak, and others who, for more solid reasons, have turned their backs on Hymen's joys. But, of course, we do not know your secrets. Perhaps it is to be cats and canaries, and not bachelors after all.

JOHN BULL.

To H. Barber, Esq., Clerk to the Southampton County Council.

DEAR CLERK,—When a soldier in Germany applied for a Small Holding, you were good enough to send him an application form. At the same time, you notified him that unless the form was returned within seven days, it would be assumed he did not intend to proceed. Was not that absurd, when the post to a soldier out there takes at least seven days each way? Besides, the form itself is too stiff for an ordinary "Tommy" to fill up; he would have to call in a lawyer. Please give these little matters your attention, for the sake of the soldiers.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. H. B. Curtis, Vicar of St. Barnabas, Little Ilford.

MY DEAR VICAR,—One of the reporters at your recent vestry meeting represents you as telling the audience that it was all very well for the congregation to talk about the dry rot they heard in sermons, but after all they only paid £1 a week from the Assistant Clergy Fund "and they got what they paid for." That's the stuff to give 'em! I am quite in accord with you that many bad sermons are due to bad pay—though good sermons don't always follow good money. Hundreds of parsons are paid well under trade union rate; while most bishops I know get well over—and not worth the money.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Charles Addison, M.D., M.P., President of Local Government Board, Whitehall.

DEAR CHARLES,—Judging by its elaborate inactivity in regard to the housing question at Aldershot, your Board is too slow for a funeral. It has taken two months to answer the letter of the Town Clerk with reference to the purchase of land. When it did answer, it demanded that particulars must be specified on form D. 18; and stated that it enclosed a copy of same, which was a fib. You may be right in thinking Aldershot is in no hurry for new houses, but it would like to get 'em erected before the Resurrection.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. William Hearn, 51, Lionel Street, Birmingham.

DEAR SIR,—That was a very fine performance of yours at Dudley—when, the brakes failing to act, your motor-lorry ran backwards at terrific speed down Castle Hill. There was a good deal of traffic, and a woman fell as she was jumping from a tramcar, with which she feared you would collide. With wonderful presence of mind and great skill, you somehow managed to avoid her. Then, bringing your lorry to a standstill, you fainted. My heartiest congratulations on your very narrow escape, and my commendations for your splendid courage.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. E. G. Evans, Chairman, Hospital Committee, Ashton.

REVEREND SIR,—I raise my hat to you. Refusing to permit the body of a discharged soldier to be buried in a pauper's grave, you gave instructions for decent interment. At a subsequent meeting of the Guardians, you explained that the Government does not look after the discharged men, and that the grant of £5 was sufficient only to buy a good coffin. And you added that you felt that you could not allow a man who had died in the hospital, and who had been a soldier, to be buried in a common grave. All honour to you, sir. And all honour to the Guardians, who unanimously endorsed your sentiments.

JOHN BULL.

To Fred. Walker, Esq., Hilderthorpe Road, Bridlington.

DEAR SIR,—Your ex-creditors are delighted that your excursions in the provision business during the last few years have done you and them so well. As a hay and straw dealer twelve years ago you broke at 8d. in the £. Now you have handed them the balance of 19s. 4d. I really think they ought to combine to buy you something nice as a souvenir of the occasion, graven with an appropriate inscription—now, while you are alive and can read it.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. F. G. Vernon Isles, Vicar of South Marston, near Swindon.

SIR,—I notice that you have been granted an Ejectment Order against the wife of a soldier. She had paid no rent since September, and when asked why she replied, "Because I cannot get the floor mended," adding that she would pay the rent when this was done. Whereupon you stated that, "With regard to the floor, there was only one hole in it." However, a Constable said, "The floor in the cottage was very bad, and there was only one room fit to live in." Put that "scrap of paper" on the fire, and ask a builder to put things right!

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, War Pensions Committee, Peterborough.

SIR,—The proceedings of your Committee have attracted my attention, not for the first time—that was when they appointed an ex-political agent as Assistant Secretary at a salary of £250; the second when they selected a woman to fill an assistant clerkship at £120; and a third when they advertise a junior clerkship at 25s. a week, with preference given to a discharged soldier. I should have thought it would have been just as easy, as it would assuredly have been more consonant with public sentiment and right thinking, to have found a discharged soldier as capable of earning £250 a year as 25s. a week.

JOHN BULL.

PECKSNIFF, BUMBLE AND CO.

COVERING HIGH PRINCIPLES AND LOW WAGES.

At the meeting the other day of the Newcastle Board of Guardians, the Chairman, Mr. J. C. Doyle, drew himself up to the full height of his moral stature, and from that dizzy eminence addressed a stern reproof to a local tradesman, who, it was alleged, had paid a full-grown man the miserable wage of £1 a week. "Oh, shocking, shocking, Mrs. Todgers!" But wait a bit. Let us see in what sort of order friend Doyle keeps his own Poor House. At a later stage of the proceedings the question of wages paid by the Newcastle Guardians cropped up, one member venturing to express the hope that "the employees would take matters into their own hands and force the Board to pay more." The discussion had arisen on a motion that one of the staff be granted 15s. a week war-bonus, instead of 7s. 8d. as at present, and we note that one outspoken Guardian thought, saving the Chairman's illustrious presence, that the Guardians had "no right to complain of private employers paying £1 a week when they paid such wages themselves." Meanwhile, a local resident has been giving chapter and verse for these allegations of Poor Law sweating: "As employers of labour," we are told, "the Guardians have neither soul nor conscience. One instance will prove the general principle. A carman, ambulance driver, etc., employed seven days per week, and liable to be called any hour at night, is paid £1 3s. 9d. per week, with two rooms, gas and coal, plus 7s. bonus. This after 18 years' service." "Such," the writer supposes, "is the humanitarianism of the Guardians of the Poor." Eh, Mr. Doyle?

ENEMY PROFITS.

GOVERNMENT HESITANCY ON A PLAIN ISSUE.

A few months ago we remarked that the Custodian of Enemy Interests in Ireland, Mr. A. G. Hollinshead, who when he is more at home is Official Assignee in Bankruptcy in the High Court of Justice in Ireland, had made "a bland confession of ignorance as to the purposes of his official existence." Unfortunately it appears still to be true that, in the language of the old song, this gentleman "don't know where 'e are"—that is to say, neither he nor his English colleagues have any clear idea as to why they are taking charge of enemy interests, or what is to be done with the profits when the time comes, if indeed it has not come already, for squaring up all round. The fault, of course, is not Mr. Hollinshead's, but the Government's. There are several things that *might* be done with enemy profits accumulated during the war. After taking care of them nicely for the last four years we might wrap them up in a parcel, so to speak, and hand them back to the Huns. That, no doubt, would please some people—the Germans themselves and our British Bolshies. The sensible course, however, would be to retain these profits as an addition to the German indemnity. Meanwhile, in view of the uncertainty surrounding the whole subject, we are glad to remark that these profits are less than they might have been owing to some British firms declining all dealings with enemy concerns—even with a licence from the Government—and thus avoiding all risk of ultimately benefiting the Hun. Business is business, of course, but in this country we gladly recognise that patriotism frequently comes first.

A WARNING TO PARENTS.

EDUCATION OFFICIALS AND THE NEW ACT.

There is evidence of an attempt on the part of some education officials to frighten parents into the belief that the Education Act, 1918, has already come into force. Thus we are informed by a London mother, whose boy left school last November, having reached the age of 14, that in January she was visited by "a gentleman from the L.C.C.," who had the hardihood to state that unless the boy was sent back to his lessons at once a summons would be issued. The "gentleman" mentioned has certainly earned a severe reprimand for trifling with the truth. A still worse case is reported from Walthamstow, where an effort has been made by some impudent Jack-in-office to disturb the apprenticeship of a lad who at the age of 14 had left school to learn a useful trade. We cannot too strongly insist that all such efforts to anticipate the provisions of an Act of Parliament which has not yet come into force are flagrantly illegal. In the measure it is clearly laid down that the "appointed day" for the raising of the school age shall be publicly announced by the Board of Education, and that in any case it shall be "not earlier than the termination of the present war"—which means, of course, not the Armistice, but the signature of the Peace Treaty. The effect of the new Act will be to raise the school-leaving age to 15, and in a year or two's time to 16 years of age, with certain provisions for attendance at continuation schools till the age of 18 years. But the time for these changes is not yet, and parents should not allow themselves to be intimidated by officials in a hurry.

THE PEOPLE'S LEAGUE.

THE ONLY SOLUTION—CONSUMERS AND TAXPAYERS TO BE PROTECTED.

IN one of our editorial notes last week we said: "The more we see of the current trend of public affairs, the more convinced do we become that nothing but a great comprehensive League of the People will solve the political and social deadlock. The objects of such League should be the protection of the consumers and great middle-class section of the population against the profiteering of the avaricious capitalist on the one hand, and the peril of the irresponsible and revolutionary Labour Leader on the other, and the superseding of time-serving and self-seeking politicians by sane and patriotic statesmen. We hope to return to the subject next week." Since the appearance of this paragraph, we have received innumerable expressions of sympathy with the idea from every section of the community and from every part of the country. Indeed, so instantly has it "caught on" that offices have already been taken, a General Secretary appointed, a Grand Council is in course of formation, and the Albert Hall has been secured for a mass meeting next Saturday afternoon, May 10th, at which we have agreed to take the Chair, having provisionally accepted the Presidency of the League. That is what we call the business method of dealing with the matter.

THE LEAGUE'S OBJECTS.

In addition to the above steps, we understand that arrangements are now being made for meetings in various parts of the country, with a view to the formation of local branches, and in the meantime the objects of the League are thus stated in a circular issued from the Central Offices:—

1. Our interests as Citizens demand first of all that Britain shall belong to the British. The alien menace is still with us. The Government lags behind public opinion and must be driven up to its duty.

2. It is vital to us as Citizens that Britain shall belong to *all* the British and not only to a few. Certain Capitalists and certain Labour Leaders think Britain should belong to *them*. The moment we unite and act they will realise that it does not.

3. *As Citizens*, we want more liberty and fewer officials. Most of the "controls" set up under the plea of War Emergency must go.

4. *As Consumers*, we demand fair treatment. The incessant conflict between "Capital" and "Labour" has sent up the prices of everything. A weak Government bargains first with one side and then with the other, leaving the poor Consumer and Taxpayer to pay. It scrapes to one and cringes to the other, but is not even on speaking terms with the Consumer. *We mean to introduce to the Government the Consumer, the man who pays, and we mean to make all Governments realise that the men and women who pay the piper should call the tune.*

It is the simple truth to state that in consequence of the betrayal of the middle millions there are desperately hard times in countless homes and the people generally are exposed to grave financial disaster.

5. *As Taxpayers.* We all pay taxes in one form or another. Some pay direct; some indirect; but all pay in the added price of things bought. We shall all have to pay much of the War Bill—whatever Mr. Lloyd George and his politicians promised in their election pledges. On top of this, there is the waste of millions upon millions which Government officials have squandered and are still squandering. And even beyond all this there is the promised "Better England"! That will cost a lot. We are all for progress and want it, but we must see that we get it on terms that are fair to all classes. Until we unite and make our power felt, the Government will only recognise two sections: the big Capitalists on the one side and noisy and often quite irresponsible Labour Leaders on the other.

Once having organised ourselves, we shall drive home our demands for just treatment. We will accept neither greed nor incompetence as an apology for further robbery.

It is time, too, that the masses of the nation worked together for their advancement as well as their defence. The House Famine is but one of scandalous wrongs. Ministerial and official incompetence to set things right is coupled with an inquisitorial interference with our lives and liberties which leaves us no longer a free people. Every man and woman should therefore join THE PEOPLE'S LEAGUE to-day and give it an overwhelming membership.

By public meetings, by widely circulated literature and in the Press, we shall proclaim that salvation can come only by organisation. And we shall organise. In town and village we shall bring the people together, first in local Committees and later in Local Bodies. Linked together throughout the country, we shall soon make our overwhelming numbers tell.

We can then put an end to exploitation and profiteering. We can then see to it that we bear no more than our fair tax burden. We can then secure men in public life who will make it their object to treat us fairly.

THE PEOPLE'S LEAGUE will help the people to help themselves, will find them a voice and show them how to use it.

THE URGENCY OF THIS MOVEMENT.

The position of the Consumer and Taxpayer is deplorable at present, but it grows worse from day to day.

For years past "Capital" and "Labour" have been digging themselves in, while we are in No Man's Land, and always being shot at. We cannot act too quickly.

After we have secured our defence we shall have time to consider our further action.

We are neither selfish nor reactionary. If we refuse to allow other sections of the community to acquire their "Better Land" purely at our expense, we none the less desire real healthy progress for all on a fair basis.

All men and women of British birth are invited to join. Both sexes will meet on equal terms. As the widest possible membership is vital to success, the minimum subscription has been fixed at one shilling a year.

We make no apology for setting the above details out in full, being convinced that the League affords the only practicable remedy for the present deadlock in the political and industrial world. It may be suggested that the scope of the League is already covered by the Middle Class Union movement, but it covers a far greater area and is fighting much bigger and broader issues. As an illustration, it is in conflict with sectionalism, Capital Sectionalism and Labour Sectionalism—both of which seek to advance themselves, wholly irrespective of the claims of the rest of the community. The Middle Class Union organisations are grounded upon the same false basis—being really sectional, making their appeal to members of a defined and restricted social order. On the other hand, the League does not appeal to any defined social order. It invites the members of all social orders to rally on the common basis of citizenship, and to realise that they are citizens with rights as well as obligations. Above all, it asks them never to forget that they are Consumers and must join together for mutual defence against avaricious Capitalists and misleading Labour Leaders who, quite likely, regard themselves socially as members of the middle class. In our view, class divisions and rival class organisations are wrong and would be disastrous to the State. We desire to see all the classes united in the defence of principles which are vital to all.

A WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

The prospect should appeal especially to women—whose new place in the economic and political world has in no way, so far, been adequately catered for. Indeed, the new body might well be called the League of the Purse Strings—for its main aim is to see that, in return for what government costs the People, the People shall receive full value. They must not be unduly taxed by the State, and they must not be fleeced at all by the profiteer—nor must they be lured by the wild cries of extremists, or of agitators, or even of dreamers, into false paths. Good homes, good food, good wages and fair prices—unfettered by official control—are what they require, and what the League will endeavour to secure them. And that is why we say it is essentially a movement to be supported by women.

AFFILIATED BODIES.

For our own part, we shall recommend such organisations as the Business Government League and the John Bull League—comprising nearly half a million members—to join forces; and perhaps some day all such associations may be merged into the new body, whose arrival is the most timely and significant feature of the present situation. Those of our readers who are interested in the scheme may obtain all further particulars from the General Secretary, Captain Mason, D.S.O., M.C., 4 and 5, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. 2. Never forget it is the "great middle order of mankind" which stands to suffer most from all the troubles which are caused by the avaricious Capitalist and the unreasonable sections of Labour. Those who are concerned with The People's League are determined to secure fair play for all classes; not exalting the claims of one class over those of another, but seeking by sane reasoning and sound legislation to bring order out of the present industrial chaos, and to cement the victories of war in a great national fellowship.

GREAT PUBLIC MEETING,

ROYAL ALBERT HALL,

SATURDAY, May 10th.

3 o'clock.

Chairman:

MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Supported by well-known Public Men.

ADMISSION FREE.

IN TROUBLED WATERS.

Orlando leaving the Ark.

APPALLING REVELATIONS.

CRUEL NEGLECT OF A WORKHOUSE INMATE.

A poor old man named John Martin, aged 77, was recently removed from Chelsea Workhouse to the Tooting Bec Asylum where, shortly afterwards, he died. At the inquest at Wandsworth it was established that death was due to pneumonia, a fractured rib and extensive bruising. What caused the bruises? How was the rib fractured? Why was the pneumonia not discovered earlier, so that the patient might have been detained for treatment in the Chelsea Infirmary? An important witness to the main facts of the case is Dr. Kalyanwala, a Parsee, who for the past four years has been a medical officer at the Chelsea institution. On the day the old man left the Workhouse, it was Dr. Kalyanwala's business to examine him thoroughly before signing a certificate that he was fit for removal. On his own admission to the Coroner, the doctor had recklessly trifled with this important duty. The certificate should have been signed on March 28th, the day of the old man's departure. To oblige the Relieving Officer, the doctor signed it the night before, with the result—which might have been anticipated—that the poor old fellow was bundled off next day without examination. For aught that anyone knew or cared, some of the signs pointing to madness may have been the delirium of pneumonia. As to the fracture and bruises, it was stated that some days previously Martin had had a fall in the bathroom, although the attendant had apparently not reported the accident until the injured man had left the institution. On the whole, it was clear that the poor old fellow had been the victim of callous neglect, and we are glad to notice that the Coroner was outspoken in his condemnation of the whole proceedings. "There had been remissness and slackness on the part of the doctor," he said. By their verdict the jury endorsed these strictures with a rider censuring the laxity of Dr. Kalyanwala. As to whether this person was the sole offender, the Chelsea Guardians will perhaps make it their business to inquire.

A LAND SETTLEMENT WARNING.

DISCHARGED SOLDIER'S DEFERRED HOPE.

It is early to prophesy as to the fortunes of the Government Land Settlement scheme, but we fancy the Board of Agriculture will have all its work cut out to keep the County Councils up to the scratch. In the past many of these bodies have been grossly apathetic in regard to the provision of small holdings. Take the case of a country reader who earned his silver badge in the early part of 1916. Before the war this man had had a good deal of farming experience, giving up a well-stocked holding and sacrificing his prospects to join the Colours in the first days of the fighting. On his discharge the good fellow was naturally anxious to return to his former mode of life, but owing to the rooted apathy of the local authorities, who already possess considerable powers for the provision of small holdings, he has searched vainly from that day to this for an opportunity of re-settlement on the land. A few months ago he renewed his application to four County Councils in the South of England, receiving from only one of them the courtesy of a reply. From West Sussex came the encouraging intimation that the County Council were "endeavouring to obtain land on which to place suitable applicants for small holdings," but that there was any early prospect of satisfying the ex-soldier's claim the Council did not pretend. Afterwards, at an interview, the applicant discovered that the West Sussex authorities had a modest amount of land at their disposal, but were disinclined to let him a holding on the ground that his capital was insufficient to ensure success. In the light of the man's previous experience of small-holding work, and seeing that his wife and three grown-up sons were ready to put their backs into the enterprise, it is impossible to regard this excuse as other than a hollow pretext for delay. We cite this case as an example of the chronic inertia with which the Government will have to reckon in their efforts to redeem their pledges to those who have so richly deserved this boon at the nation's hands.

"A GRATEFUL HEART."

PICKING UP PENCE FOR PIECES OF PAPER.

What appears to be a queer trick is played by a woman collector who, calling at people's doors, sells "Grateful Hearts" for pence. The thing is a mere scrap of paper, say an inch-and-a-half, printed with a red heart, and the words, "A Grateful Heart to Those who Fought and Suffered for England's Safety." That is all—only that and nothing more. The female says she is "from the V.A.D.," and that "the pennies collected are used to fight the organisations which are swallowing up the soldier's money." She also advises anybody with a complaint to make to write to JOHN BULL. Let us say at once that we have no knowledge of this little game, and that the use of our name is entirely unauthorised. Let no Grateful Heart be bled for pence in this way.

THE GRAND FLEET FUND.

STRONG DISAPPROVAL BY THE LOWER DECK.

The Grand Fleet Fund was formed to relieve the necessities of Petty Officers, Non-coms., and men of the Royal Navy, and their dependents. Its assets were contributions from the public and from ships. It has considerably over £30,000 in hand. It received also an Emergency grant of £5,000 from King George's Fund, and more than £2,000 of that remains unexpended. The Grand Fleet Fund now wishes to absorb the Canteen profits, to lump all the moneys together, and to found an Insurance Society for sailors, who will have to pay the usual premiums. The Lower Deck contends the Fund was formed for no such purpose, and is restive under the turn affairs have taken. Undoubtedly the money was subscribed for benevolent and relief purposes, and one of the original rules stated that relief was not to take the form of mere small monetary grants, but real, solid help to set stricken men or their dependents on their feet. The new proposal to twist the Fund into a commercial organisation directly and entirely contradicts the avowed principles that governed its foundation. Dr. Macnamara will save much trouble if he grapples at once with a disconcerting and unsatisfactory situation.

THE PENALTY OF INNOCENCE.

HEAVY COST OF WRONGFUL ACCUSATION.

Between them the Liverpool and Birmingham police have been guilty of a gross error. Some time ago Mr. G. H. Farncombe, a respectable munitions worker, was arrested at Birmingham on a charge of complicity in a jewel robbery at Liverpool. After several remands, during which he was kept in custody, Farncombe was committed for trial at the Liverpool Quarter Sessions, where the whole facts of the robbery were brought to light, and the guilt definitely placed on other shoulders. There was the usual farce of dismissing the defendant "without a stain on his character"—but as a matter of fact, through what afterwards proved to be an entirely unfounded and indeed a quite unreasonable suspicion, the poor fellow had suffered a gross injury. First of all, there was the period of imprisonment at Birmingham before the Stipendiary could be persuaded to allow bail. Then there was the cost of the defence—we have inspected the lawyer's bills—£15 for the soliciter at Birmingham, and £40 18s. for two barristers handling the case at Liverpool. From first to last, the defendant estimates that he is £90 out of pocket, to say nothing of loss of time and wages and the injury to his reputation inseparable from criminal proceedings. For none of these injuries has Mr. Farncombe the least hope of redress, the Home Secretary having confessed his powerlessness to interfere. Surely there is something radically wrong with a system which permits an innocent man to be victimised in this way.

STOP THAT APPOINTMENT!

THE FOREIGN OFFICE AND OUR GERMAN-BRITISH OFFICIALS.

By CHARLES PALMER (*Assistant Editor*).

"BRITAIN for the British" is to-day a mere phrase. We have yet to make it a splendid reality. That Britain shall be represented by men of British blood and origin, pure in birth and parentage, in the capitals and commercial centres of the world is another aspiration of every patriotic man. But the fight is not yet won, and if I know anything of the German taint in the Foreign Office, we shall have to put up stiff opposition to the sinister influences still at work before we ensure that our trading interests in Europe, in South America and in the Far East are safeguarded by men who not only speak our language, but think our thoughts.

The latest proof that our mandarins have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing is the intention, not yet made public, to appoint Mr. Ernest Maxse as our Consul-General in Paris.

Of course I shall be told that this gentleman, who has been our Consul-General for the Netherlands since 1913, is more British than the men of purest British blood. That was the information conveyed to me by men in the highest circles when I persistently protested against Sir Eyre Crowe retaining the post of Permanent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. My consistent answer was, and still is, based on principle. He is the son of a German mother, and is married to a German wife. Those facts alone disqualified him for any part or lot in dictating terms to the hated enemy.

And so I shall be told that Mr. Maxse who, unless public opinion is aroused and parliamentary action is stimulated, may be our next Consul-General in the capital of our splendid Ally, was educated at Harrow, is a British subject possessing all kinds of fine British instincts, and is a highly competent official. But such arguments and facts fail to convince. This is my answer: Mr Ernest Maxse was born of an Austrian mother—his father, Sir Henry Maxse, married Augusta Von Rudloff of Austria, and one of his brothers is married to an enemy, the wife of Mr. Craven Maxse being Clara Basch, of Hanover, while Mr. Reginald Maxse is married to Elizabeth Augusta Baroness Fuchs, of Gross Wüzan, Courland, daughter of Baron Hawn. I am not suggesting that a man should be held responsible for his brother's matrimonial alliance, but I am declaring with all possible emphasis that such marriages prove the family bent, and when I add that the prospective Consul-General in Paris has actually served as an officer in the Prussian Cavalry, I think I have enforced the diplomatic impropriety of the appointment.

It is not always a pleasant duty to expose these "laches" of the Foreign Office. But at a time when the country is crying out for the complete and final elimination of Hun influence from every department of our social life, from our political and commercial and our diplomatic activities, I regard it as a deliberate and cynical flouting of public opinion to continue a day longer in the service of the State any man whose origin or antecedents are German. I cannot forget that the Hon. Theo. Russell, who stands in the close official relationship of Diplomatic Secretary to the Foreign Secretary, is married to a German woman—Countess Marie Louise Rex, daughter of the one time Saxon Minister at the Austro-Hungarian Court. Nor can I overlook the incorrigible preference of the Foreign Office for men of German origin or name in appointments to the Consular Service. We know how in the years before the war Germany quietly and craftily sought to undermine British trade throughout the world—that but for the impatience of the criminal Kaiser and his War Lords, they would have brought down the British Empire in commercial ruin.

To what extent did the British Foreign Office lend a hand in that fell design? Will it be believed that before the war the Foreign Office had appointed as the guardians of British interests in all parts of the world no fewer than 900 Germans out of 1,200 men who were designated as "British Consular servants"? There is no guarantee that the Foreign Office is any more British to-day than it was five years ago. And I repeat, if evidence is needed of its lack of patriotic repentance it is to be found in the contemplated appointment of Mr. Ernest Maxse to Paris. Only the other day Mr. Bottomley demanded of the Foreign Secretary that he should make it "an inflexible rule that British consuls abroad, whether paid or not, shall be British subjects." Such an assurance was denied, and the old miserable excuse was put forward justifying the appointment of aliens "where no suitable British subject was available and where the British interests involved would not have justified the appointment of a salaried officer." That is how the wily unpaid German has crept in to scheme against British commerce. It will be an insult not only to the country but to France if a man of such birth and with such relationships as attach to Mr. Ernest Maxse is permitted to go to Paris. It is an appointment that must not be permitted, and if the Foreign Office cannot be trusted, surely the patriotism and common sense of the Prime Minister are strong enough to avert such an outrage.

MUZZLE THE MUZZLE PROFITEER.

POCKET-PICKING WHILE GOVERNMENT WINKS.

Consistently with their attitude throughout the war until the present moment, the Government are now winking at profiteering in muzzles. In some districts not a single muzzle is to be had, and presently people will venture forth with their unmuzzled canine companions; the police will suddenly be instructed to rush the prosecutions; and the public, thrown into a panic, will then be compelled for their own self-protection to pay any price demanded for muzzles sold to them as a favour surreptitiously from mysterious recesses beneath the salesman's counter, much as used to be the case with butter, bacon, marge, cheese and tea. It is shameful that poor people, or for that matter rich people, should have to pay 5s. or 6s. for a medium sized muzzle made of a penn'orth-or-two of wire, and 6d. in addition for the strap. "I read in the papers," writes a North London resident, "that the Government have promised to subsidise the muzzle dealers against possible loss. Why? It is the people who have to provide and pay for muzzles for their dogs who ought to be subsidised. The muzzle dealers are taking care to subsidise themselves. Why do not the Government help poor people by offering to pay half the cost? After all, this rabies business is a national affair. There are thousands of poor people whose children will have to suffer the loss of their one pet because they cannot possibly find the money to pay the exorbitant and swindling prices charged." Even now it is not too late for the Government to start a muzzle factory of their own to break down the gang of profiteers. But of course they will do nothing of the kind. There may be nothing in the rumour that they are subsidising the plunderer. More probably they are standing guard over him in the hope of sharing his "excess profits."

REALLY, MR. CHURCHILL!

WIDOWS' CLAIMS AGAINST THE WAR OFFICE.

Twelve months ago the War Office commandeered several little shops in the arches of the railway approach at Shepherd's Bush, one of them occupied by a hard-working woman who was endeavouring to make a living by the sale of confectionery and tobacco. It was hard enough in any case for the poor soul to be turned out of her business, but the blow might have been softened if the military authorities had behaved decently in the matter of compensation. Unfortunately, it has to be stated that, owing to their neglect, this woman was recently threatened with a County Court action for the rent of the premises for the Christmas quarter, during which the War Office was in occupation, and, although on representations from Whitehall the notice of proceedings was withdrawn, she is still without compensation for disturbance and loss of trade, or even for the expenses of removal. As though this were not scandal enough, there is some reason to believe that, as regards the Shepherd's Bush premises, the War Losses Department have made fish of one and fowl of another, the claims of certain tenants, not the poorest, having been settled with far greater despatch. On the whole it is evident that the War Losses Commission is among the chief strongholds of Messrs. Dilly and Dally. A particularly bad case is that of a widow who, until the War Office seized the premises in October, 1917, carried on a furnished apartment house in Woburn Place, W.C. Although more than eighteen months has elapsed, this good woman is still without a farthing of redress, her recent applications for a settlement having been treated with bland indifference by the authorities concerned. It might be an excellent thing if Mr. Churchill would devote a fraction of his super-abundant energy to the redress of these glaring injustices.

BITTER FOR THE BREWER.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD ON THE DRINK.

Time was when, inspired by the "conchy" convictions of the delirious dietist Dr Saleeby and the tragic teetotaler Mr. Arthur Mee, the Ministry of Food cut off our beer to save our bread. Now it is a different story. We are living like fighting cocks and drinking like fishes. "Sir," commences the pathetic epistle now being sent out by Mr. Roffey, for the Secretary to the Ministry of Food, "I am directed to advise you that the issue of any Special Licences for brewing any extra barrelage at the disposal of the Food Controller will be conditional upon the Brewer agreeing to pay within 14 days of the issue of such licence the sum of 25s. for each Standard barrel licensed." This is headed "Intoxicating Liquor (Output and Delivery) Order." We do not stay to inquire why the present brew is called intoxicating liquor; it would not intoxicate a stickleback. The point is that for 25s. at fourteen days the brewer can brew another barrel, or two for 50s. if he happen to have heard of a district where alleged beer is "urgently required" and wishes to fill the long felt want. Mr. E. C. Hunt, Director of the Hope Brewery at Weymouth, intimates to us that he cannot get a firm grip on this melancholy situation. "I was under the impression," he says, "that the restrictions of brewing were instituted to help the food situation of the country. How will this position be helped if the Ministry of Food are prepared to grant extra permits on payment of an extra 25s. per barrel duty?" The explanation is easy. Having stabilised the input of bread, the Ministry is anxious to increase the output of water; even a blind man could see that by the taste. And that's that. So even at 25s. a barrel extra Mr. Hunt had better get along and brew. Ten thousand publicans are breathlessly waiting to fill the flowing bowl.

AN OCEAN SCANDAL.

DISTRESSED BRITISHERS MAROONED ABROAD.

It is time that attention was directed to the gross scandal that has arisen in regard to homeward passages from India and the Far East. It is known and admitted that the Government have commandeered four vessels of the P. and O. Line for the repatriation of German women from China and other remote stations, while allotting only a single extra liner to relieve the terrible congestion on the passenger route from Bombay to London. On this long ocean passage the conditions are truly appalling. Take the following extract from a letter received within the last day or two:—"A girl just out from home on last mail-boat was accommodated in a cabin in the hold with six other women and a boy of 14—these were people holding a first-class ticket, single fare £100." Ultimately the lad was sent to sleep in a hammock with the sailors. The "rationing" of homeward passages from India is in the hands of an official body known as the Passage Control Committee, responsible to the Government of India, and charged with the duty of issuing "priority certificates" to persons desirous of sailing. As an example of the methods adopted, we may cite the case of a young lady who left England in 1915 to join a theatrical company at Calcutta. The unfortunate actress made the voyage out on a vessel that was torpedoed in the Mediterranean, arriving in India much shaken in health, but still determined to fulfil her engagements. Her contract was for one year only, but on the expiration of this period there was no hope of a return passage. Finally, when the Armistice was signed, she applied to the Passage Control Committee for priority in sailing, on the ground that she was unemployed and also, as a medical certificate testified, suffering from the effects of appendicitis. Instead of an A1 permit, entitling her to sail at once, she was given an A4 certificate, her voyage being thus indefinitely postponed. There are hundreds of persons in circumstances of equal distress!

"DONE TO DEATH."

MONSTROUS NEGLECT IN A MILITARY HOSPITAL.

There should be an Inquiry into the running of the 54th General Hospital, Wimereux, near Boulogne; and in particular into the circumstances attending the death of Private L. A. Clamp, 6th Lancashire Fusiliers. This man, who enlisted in August, 1914, fought in France and Salonica, and was sent home suffering badly with malaria. In order to pass again for the front he underwent an operation for hammer toes (two toes were removed) and went out in August last. In February of this year he was severely burnt in an accident, was taken first of all to the 53rd Casualty Clearing Station, and afterwards to the 54th General Hospital, Wimereux. At first his condition was dangerous, but when he went to Wimereux he was much better, and his wounds were healing well. There, however, things went far from well, though Clamp sent cheery messages home, as sick men will. On March 23rd his parents received a wire that he was again dangerously ill, and two days later another authorising them to come to him. That meant he was dying. His parents found him lying helpless, with bound up arms, and the fluid from the wounds on the forehead trickling down his cheeks and into his mouth. As a sample of his diet, for one meal he was forced by his nurses to eat a hard-boiled egg, and for another boiled fish and potato—though he could scarcely keep solid food down. He was thoroughly septic. The excuse was that there had been a change of doctors, which meant the poor fellow was without attendance for three days. So he died. It is possibly not the fault of the nurses, who can do nothing without doctor's orders. But that this thing should happen in a British Military Hospital when the press of war is long over is monstrous.

EXQUISITE AND UNRIVALLED.

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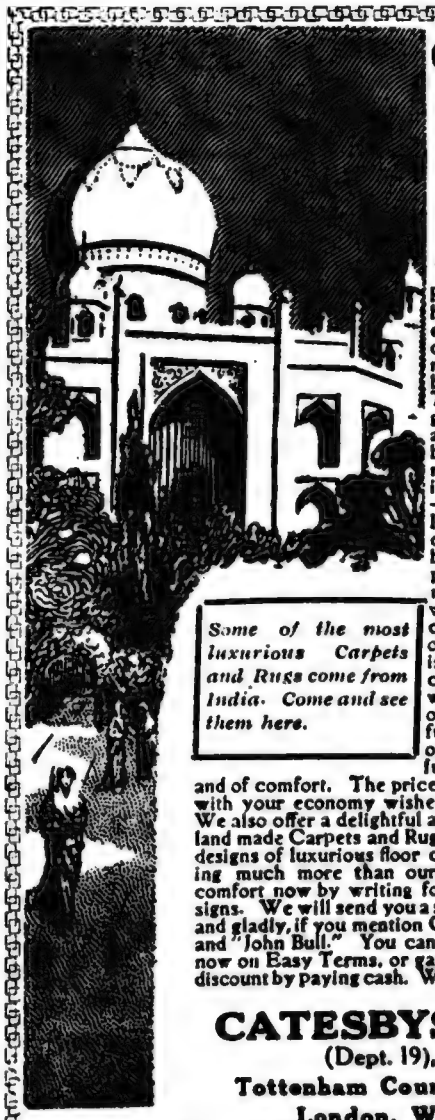

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AN ANTICIPATED EPITAPH.

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON.

Beneathe
Thys
American-made Monument
Lyeth
Ye raw boanes
Of
Some Guy
Called
Woodrow Wilson,
Sometyme
President of
Ye United States of America.
Whenne ye greate Worlde Warre broke out,
And Religion, Civilization, and Decencie
Were in danger,
Hee,
Feelinge hymselfe atte a safe distance,
Was toe proude toe fyght,
Butte
Notte toe proude toe allow
Ye countrie over ye whyche hee presided
To make millions of Almyghtie Dollars
Out of ye Combatants
In Yurrup.
Whenne
Ye *Lusitania* was sunk,
And hundreds of innocente Americans
Were murdered,
Hee was atte laste shamed intoe
Takynge an actyve part in ye Crusade
Agaynst
Ye beastlie Huns,
And sent an Armie of Yankee Soldiers
Toe France,
Whose total numbers
Verie nearlie equalled ye sum
Of British dead
Whoo gave up their lives atte ye front
For Humanitie.
Havynge been
Ye laste toe come intoe ye War,
And hys countrie havynge been ye one
Toe suffer ye leaste in ye greate combat,
Hee
(As is ye way of some Americans)
Tooke itt upon hymselfe
Toe dictate ye terms of Peace.
Onne hys way toe Paris for thatte
Purpose
Hee was entertained atte dinner by
Ye Kynge
(God bless hym!)
Atte Buckyngehame Palace,
Whenne hee studiouslie avoided
Any complimentarie references
Toe Britain's efforts.
Arrived in France,
Hee loste noe tyme in raysynge Cain
Wyth hys
Fourteen Points
And hys
League of Nations
Stunt,
Wyth ye result thatte
Hee verie nearlie brought ye proceedynges to
A Dead lock.
Whenne
Peace was about toe be signed
He agayne busted uppe ye Conference
Bye opposynge ye legitimate claims of
Italie.
Butte
Notwythstandynge hys obstruction
Peace was ultimately signed,
And hee returned,
Disgruntled,
Toe America,
Where,
Torn toe pieces by wild Republicans,
Hee dyed the political death.

O may ye coverynge sodds lay light
Oh hym whoo was toe proude to fight;
And let no imp disturb hys joints
With proddynge prongs with Fourteen Points!

WILLIAMS v. F

Proposed Public Debate—Wilson in His T

By THE

IN the course of his recent speech in the Commons, Mr. Lloyd George made several oblique but no direct reference to the attitude of this journal towards President Wilson. He deprecated the campaign inaugurated by "certain newspapers" which were endeavouring to cause friction between America and the Allies generally, and between America and Italy in particular. At that time, by the way, no one but the Prime Minister himself was aware of the Fiume crisis, and it it is now abundantly evident that in specially introducing the name of Italy he was preparing the way for an excuse, should the trouble become acute, for not having said more on the subject, by throwing the blame upon the Press. We now know, however, that when we were assured that "upon all fundamentals there was absolute unanimity amongst the delegates," there was this serious trouble brewing, and unless it is at once got over I am afraid the Prime Minister will be asked some awkward questions when he next comes to the House. But as regards my attitude towards President Wilson and the American policy he represents I withdraw nothing I have said; on the contrary, I am very glad I was the first to say it. Put shortly, I don't believe in the President; I don't like his face; I never liked his "Notes," before America came in; I have no faith whatever in his idealism; I think many of his Fourteen Points utter balderdash and claptrap; and, above all, I never forget that after the war had been raging for two years he publicly declared that he saw no difference in the aims of the contending Powers. And ever since the President has been at the Peace Conference I have agreed with what Roosevelt said shortly before his death—that "Wilson had constituted himself as referee for Germany, to see that it gets off as easily as possible at the expense of the Allies." In other words, I believe that he is always keeping his eye on the next Presidential Election—for I shall want a lot of convincing that there is any truth in the newspaper reports that after Peace is signed he has no desire to remain at the White House. I make a point of keeping myself familiar with the opinions of the American Press. It is divided into two sections—one, the slobbering sycophants who desire to keep Mr. Wilson in power, and who write such stuff as this: "Who gave the world Peace? President Wilson—who put forth the idea of the League of Nations. Whether you agree with him or oppose him, you know that he is by far the most striking figure of our times. Above all the great men of other nations his giant intellect towers. Europe watches him, Asia follows his every word, the smaller nations bring him their troubles, the larger nations await his decisions. The greatest man in the world to-day has written the history of our nation." That is the sort of stuff that our own *Daily News* would revel in reproducing and adopting. And here is an extract from the official advertisement of the United States Victory (Liberty) Loan: "It was our war—and we won it." On the other hand, responsible journalists speak of the President's "mediocre mind and colossal vanity," which the *New York Herald* predicts "will result in setting Europe afire by midsummer," it being "his mission to make trouble wherever he appears." Other journals go so far as to declare that "Wilson is God's punishment of the United States for its manifold delinquencies as a nation and a people." Well, I will leave these conflicting schools of thought to settle their differences in their own way. Personally, I am content to judge the President by what we have seen and heard of him since he came to Paris.

In His True Colours.

Could there have been any more remarkable demonstration of his true character—namely, that of an overbearing autocrat—than is provided by the Fiume incident? Do you quite realise what happened? Never mind the merits of the dispute. We will take the simple fact that there was a difference of opinion between Mr. Wilson and the Italian Prime Minister; whereupon the American Kaiser—for that is what he is called in some of the New York papers—rushes into print and issues a manifesto to the Italian people, over the head of its Government and without even showing it to its Prime Minister or its King. Try to imagine what would have been the attitude of Britain if, on any difference of opinion between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson, our Prime Minister and Government and King had been altogether ignored and flouted in this way. Of course, the Bolshevists over here hail this demonstration with wild joy. "Splendid!" they say—"Why have either Kings or Prime Ministers or Governments at all? Let the proletariat reign supreme!" I hope in the debate to which I refer later to show the fallacy of this doctrine, but I suppose even Mr. Williams, on reflection, would say that the proletariat of one country should not be dictated to by the representative of that of another—or under the "international regime" are nations to be constantly bombarding each other with manifestoes? I am sure—in fact, I am *very* sure—that both Mr. Smillie and Mr. Williams think that even a proletariat must have a recognised spokesman—and possibly two. "Let's all be equal—and I'll be King" is the motto of each of them. However, coming back to Mr. Wilson, all I can say is that he has delivered a severe blow at the prestige and moral power of the Peace Conference and, however much the present trouble may be patched up, has succeeded in transforming the trust and confidence of Italy in America into an attitude of the gravest suspicion. And don't be too sure that, when we at last see the terms of the Peace Treaty, we shall not find that in his desire to prevent a similar rupture, Mr. Lloyd George has felt compelled to make concessions to this high-souled professor which will to a large extent nullify the pledges upon the faith of which the present Parliament was elected. Remember once more those words of the American paper—"The smaller nations bring him their troubles, the larger nations await his decisions."

A Fearless Utterance.

And here let me pay my respectful tribute to our own *Daily Express*—whose fearlessness and independence are an outstanding feature of British journalism. Writing on Friday of last week, it had the courage to say—what I ventured to say even in the House of Commons—that the sooner Mr. Wilson goes home, the better. Here are its words. I make no excuse for reproducing them; they deserve to be pondered by every patriotic Briton. "Signor Orlando has left for home. We commend his example to Mr. Wilson. Can anyone find in his speeches one word of praise for the great British Army that fought and endured from first to last during all the years when Mr. Wilson adopted the safe pose of a conscientious objector against American intervention? What has he said of the British Navy? The plain fact is that Mr. Wilson is too much immersed in philosophic generalities to appreciate the actualities of politics—even politics on the highest plane. Signor Orlando, Mr. Lloyd George, and M. Clemenceau do not want an Adriatic volcano to take the place of the old Balkan storm-centre. Mr. Wilson's appeal to an Italian public over the head of its Executive was foredoomed to failure. It may be a weapon he will be sorry to have to face at home in the days that are to come." I need not add that I am in hearty agreement with these sentiments. Mr. Wilson, according to the latest information at the time of writing, was invited by Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau to hold his hand, to postpone the publication of his provocative manifesto. But the President, who is a law unto himself and evidently imagines that his mission is to rule the world regardless of the claims and susceptibilities of nations large or small, decided to play his trump card. I understand that the rumours which have been set afoot that the British and the French Prime Ministers approved of the Wilsonian statement is untrue. But this at any rate is certain: that the United States President has struck a blow at Constitutional government which if successful would re-establish that very dictatorship, those claims of autocracy, which we had hoped this war had dethroned for ever. And how ineffective his bombshell has proved—at least in the way he was foolish enough to imagine—is shown by the tremendous outburst of enthusiasm in Italy for the Government which under the constitution represents the King and the People. The claims of Italy, which might have been adjusted to meet the views of the

BOTTOMLEY.

True Colours—He Reveals Himself at Last.

THE EDITOR.

other delegates of the Great Powers in Paris have now been reinforced by Italian public opinion; and although it is impossible to say at the moment what the ultimate issue will be, it is quite evident that the attempt of the American President to range the Italians against their constitutionally elected Ministers has hopelessly failed.

Sinister Aspect of His Conduct.

The truth is, the more we see of Mr. Wilson the less we understand his methods. He was making war with memoranda while we were making war with men. There may be occasions when the pen is mightier than the sword, but it is the sword which conquered the Hun, and it is by force, not by dreamy idealism, that the world, for some time to come, will be called upon to keep in check the avaricious ambitions of predatory nations. There is something strangely ironical, not to say sinister, in the action of Mr. Wilson in jeopardising the harmony of the Peace Conference at the very moment when the German delegates have been summoned to Versailles to learn the will of the Allies. Nor can we forget that while Mr. Wilson is still harping on his League of Nations and prating of universal peace, half Europe is in bloody and revolutionary turmoil belying the strength of all those artificial and sentimental barriers which suit the Italian, no more than they please the French. Once more, Peace is in the melting-pot. And here endeth this week's lesson on the Conference.

Williams *v.* Bottomley.

It will be remembered that, in reply to a telegram from Mr. Robert Williams, Secretary of the Transport Workers, I invited him to furnish a reply to my accusation of Bolshevism—backed up, as they were, by copious quotations from his speeches. After going to press with last week's issue, I received the following letter from him :—

> I am sorry that I have been prevented from replying to your communication of the 14th instant earlier, but I have been in Scotland and in Ireland on urgent business matters, and have seen your letter only to-day.
>
> The quotations which you have cited (sometimes broken quotations) did and do represent my views on national and international questions. Not only have I had no occasion to change my views, but all my conceptions regarding the predatory instincts of international capitalism have been more than justified by events since the declarations made by me which you have partially cited.
>
> Regarding your covert threat about the publication of my "dossier," you may please yourself on that score. I may have had dozens of German and Russian visitors at my house and elsewhere. It may be news to you that Maxim Litvinoff was well known to me while he was in London acting as the Minister-Plenipotentiary for the Russian Soviet Government. Mr. George Tchitcherine, who is now the Commissary for Foreign Affairs in that Government, was also a colleague of mine while he was an exile in England. Furthermore, I have to say that I acted as the Treasurer of a fund which was used to assist Russian exiles and revolutionary refugees during the years 1915-1916.
>
> I don't quite know what space you are prepared to give in order that I may make what you are pleased to call my "defence," but perhaps you will allow me to use a quotation from a Memorandum which was read for and on behalf of the mine workers, the railway workers, and the transport workers at the Inaugural Meeting, convened by the Government, of the National Industrial Council. This quotation in brief represents my own views as well as, I think, those of the majority of the organised working-class of this country. It will serve as my statement, as I had a hand in shaping the Memorandum itself :
>
> > ". . The workers have resolutely set their faces towards some order of Society which will improve their lives and conditions in accord with the new valuation they set upon themselves. No longer are they prepared to content themselves with every wage advance being thrust upon the consumer, and consequently cancelling every improvement instantly and automatically. Rent, interest, and profit are not inviolate. Statesmen of every party must make up their minds that there is going to be a drastic change. Wise men will allow and provide for it. The others will only be convinced by the compelling power of events. In every country we see world-shaking changes. We in this country may be able to see these changes brought about peacefully and orderly. The present discontents are not the work of agitators. They are the product of age-long experience accelerated by the developments of the war . . . The organised workers want redress for their manifold grievances, and moreover they want something like immediate redress."
>
> I know enough of newspaper controversy to realise that the advantages are entirely on your side if I enter into a discussion in the columns of your paper. You have the first word, the last word, and most of the words in between. No one knows better than yourself that anybody may write whatsoever he pleases if you have the chance of writing the headings, and the cross-headings, and especially if you have a free hand with the contents bills. So that to enter the lists, so to speak, with these advantages in your favour does not give one what is called a dog's chance. I notice, however, that your telegraphic address is "Heroically." Mine is "Proletaire." Since you have accepted what you call a challenge from me, perhaps you will go a little further. I am prepared publicly to discuss with you the advantages of the international proletarian regime for which I stand as compared with the policy I think you represent in the columns of your paper and in the House of Commons. If you will agree to this course of action, we might arrange mutually a small Committee to go into the details of fixing a hall and the other necessary particulars in order to assure a successful meeting wherein we might discuss our rival policies.

The following is a copy of my reply :—

> I have your letter of the 22nd instant, which shall have full publicity in our columns, and you may rest assured that I shall make no effort to detract from its effect by resorting to any of the journalistic devices to which you refer.
>
> When I speak of your "dossier," I should like at once to give my assurance that I have in mind only that portion of it relating to your actions and opinions in the capacity of a public man and a Labour Leader; and if I incidentally have hinted at anything in the domain of your domestic affairs, it is only for the purpose of emphasising the fact, which you now candidly admit, that you are in intimate social relations with leaders of Bolshevist and other extreme schools of thought—whose tenets, as I believe, spell the ruin of British, as they have done of Russian, democracy.
>
> I note your challenge to publicly discuss our respective views. Perhaps you will favour me with a concise statement of the question to be so discussed, and I will then consider the suggestion. The "advantages of the international proletarian regime"—grandiloquent as the phrase sounds—conveys no definite meaning to my mind.
>
> May I, in conclusion, express my satisfaction that, having "heard of" JOHN BULL only a few weeks ago, you have so quickly made yourself acquainted with the policy for which it stands?

Pending his reply to my letter, I shall leave the matter where it is, simply noting his admission that the speeches I have quoted, calling upon British workers to emulate the example of the Russian Bolshevists, "did and do" represent his present views. At any rate, he is candid. I shall refrain, pending a reply to my letter, from saying more than this—that, subject to Mr. Williams giving satisfactory guarantees for the preservation of order, I shall be happy to meet him in public debate, if he will undertake to maintain the affirmative of the following proposition :

> *That the Bolshevik system of government, as now prevailing in Russia, is preferable, in the interests of the workers of this country, and of Democracy generally, to that provided by the British Constitution.*

I am not wedded to any particular phraseology, but that, I understand, is the point in dispute. Public discussion, however, is futile unless people come to listen and to learn. I shall have no difficulty in guaranteeing the orderly behaviour of my own supporters, but if we are to have shrieking men and women waving red flags, then the Debate can be better conducted through the columns of the Press. The next move is with Mr. Williams.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

The Hungry Army:—Men of the Army of Occupation write asking when their rations will be improved and increased. We give it up.

A Change:—According to official notice, all Tommies now volunteering for Russia must be sound in wind and limb. The poor fellows originally sent there, and who are there still, are Category men—that is to say, more or less unfit for fighting. Has the War Office encountered a brain wave?

Encouraging Discontent.—When will those Transport scandals end? Men who are diseased and done with are sent home on board transports which are dirty, and are treated in a way that would cause revolt in a workhouse. The latest case to hand concerns the Ambulance Transport *Ellora*. The food was insufficient, and the meat "spoke for itself." If our Transport authorities cannot do better, they ought to be kicked.

Unhappy Machine Gunners:—The men of the 32nd Batt. Machine Gun Corps, in Germany, complain that none of them has been demobilised since January last, although 200 of the lot are 1914 and 1915 men, and have been all the time overseas. Perhaps whoever is in supreme command will look into the matter.

Bamboozled:—Discharged men were induced to re-enlist in the Army Pay Corps, understanding that their wives and children would be granted separation allowances during their service. Now they find that such allowances will cease at the official termination of the war. The men will therefore be compelled to serve on the Tommies' ordinary rates!

How the Money Goes:—At Southampton Docks there is a Base Supply Depot of the R.A.S.C. which consists of a colonel, three captains, six lieutenants, one staff sergeant, one sergeant, one corporal, and nine privates—that is to say, thirteen commissioned and non-commissioned officers to nine soldiers! If anybody at the War Office has brains, we invite him to inquire into this and similar cases.

"JACK."

Leave:—We have a complaint from the crew of H.M.A.T. *Gurkha* to the effect that they do a trip to Havre and back, discharge their patients, and lie in Southampton Water for 4 or 5 days doing nothing, leave being refused to the crew, although they can look overside and see their homes.

Demobilisation:—Many growls reach us from Gibraltar, Mudros and elsewhere concerning demobilisation. Our correspondents tell us that they read themselves into headaches over the "Ministry of Reconstruction's Problems" regarding demobilisation, which they declare are tosh. Were the men not the splendid loyal fellows they are, there certainly would be trouble brewing. Too bad to take advantage of their patriotism.

Caught:—The R.F.A. *Perthshire* arrived at Leith recently from Scapa Flow, after two years and ten months. The merchant seamen on board, placed on M.R. articles, were promised demobilisation on arrival at the Dock. They now find themselves told off for dispersal to all parts of the world on a two years' commission. They naturally talk of torn scraps of paper.

Another from Lerwick:—We recently wrote about the Lerwick base, and now find that the Rear-Admiral has been absent on leave for a fortnight, his yacht being tied to a buoy, the crew going on leave in batches, and the skipper enjoying life. An empty ammunition hulk is lying on the beach, with the watching crew on board. These two craft cost from £30 to £50 each per week, exclusive of the men's wages. The Officers seem to spend their time enjoying golfing, Badminton, and trout fishing. Heaven help the taxpayer!

Who is Responsible?—On St. George's Day there was a general parade and review on the Royal Marine Parade Grounds, Deal, to commemorate the first anniversary of the landing at Zeebrugge. Members of the Royal Naval Sick Berth detachment—who attended the wounded on their return, and are now stationed at the Depot—were forbidden to show their noses on the ground during the ceremony, being confined to the Hospital until its conclusion!

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or other information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

A Scandal:—Men discharged from the Army to whom gratuities are due are by regulation supposed to have the money transferred to the Post Office Savings Bank Department. It is then the duty of the Controller to send a Bank book to the man's local Post Office, he being notified of the fact. We are simply snowed under with letters from Badgers, discharged as far back as last January, who have as yet received no notification concerning their hard earned money, and many of them and their families are in distress. This is a matter which reflects great discredit on the Controller of the Savings Bank Department of the Post Office, and we would assure our Badger friends that the Army Pay Department is not in the slightest degree to blame. Perhaps we shall mention this matter in another place.

Thank You—but Go!—Badger Pope for 16 years served Messrs. Stewart, Ltd., of 35, St. Paul's Road, Southsea, as bacon drier. He asked to be taken back, but has been turned down because, in the words of their representative, "about twenty men who have been with me at different times since the war, and who have been called up, a great many who have written me for a start again, and others who have already got their discharge, have been to see me. You will understand the position I am placed in. I am afraid there is not much chance of your old position, namely, bacon drying, as I took a man who has been with me for some time, and who left Jones' to come to me, although he had been with them as their bacon drier for a very long time." The phraseology of the letter would not secure a gold medal at an examination, nor do the contents of it commend the firm to us.

Another Victim of the System:—Private Parrott asked Messrs. Mathew Rose & Sons, of Mare Street, Hackney, to take him back. He was sent the following reply. "Dear Mr. Parrott, In reply to your note of the 2nd instant, we are afraid that we cannot find a suitable berth for you here, and therefore it would not be right on our part to put in a claim for your services. We trust, however, that you will get your discharge, and an appointment which will be lucrative and congenial." Poor Parrott!

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

A Hard Case:—An ex-soldier who died in hospital, not on pension, left a widow and five children practically penniless.

We Bury the Dead:—During the week, we were appealed to on behalf of several cases in which Service men's children had died. Pneumonia, measles and diphtheria are at present terribly prevalent, especially among the dependents of soldiers and sailors.

Discharged and Helpless:—A man who served through the war receives a small pension. He is, however, ill, and as he has three children to keep we readily granted assistance.

Threatened with Ruin:—A discharged soldier is in hospital. His child is suffering from measles and influenza, and a heartless landlord had threatened eviction owing to rent being in arrear.

An Inadequate Allowance:—A soldier is in an asylum, and his wife is unable to work. She is getting an inadequate Army allowance and has five young children.

A Paltry Pension:—A widow whose son was killed in France has a pension of 5s. per week, and is under the doctor's care. The paltry pensions granted in such cases make us despair. "The irreducible minimum" appears to be the motto at the Pensions Ministry.

Another Unfortunate:—An ex-soldier, lying ill, has five youngsters whom we helped to feed.

A Cheerless Home:—Another discharged man is out of work, with four children and a wife who is ailing. Her life depends upon good nourishment.

A Father of Soldiers:—An old man was in distress. His six sons are serving in the army, so we did what we could for him.

A Soldier's Mother:—A young soldier's mother was dying. The boy was given special leave from France; but he was not in credit with his paymaster. His mother, who passed away, was uninsured, and he naturally did not wish her to be buried by the parish.

Other Cases Helped:—

A discharged man suffering from consumption asked for assistance for his mother.

A soldier's wife and children who have fallen on evil times found in us a friend.

A soldier's widow appealed on behalf of herself and children.

A discharged bluejacket, whose wife is ill, was aided.

A soldier's widow, with a child in hospital, was without clothing for him on discharge.

An ex-soldier was out of work. Doctor's bill was owing.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

(Although there has been a cessation of active hostilities at the Front, there is not only no diminution in the number of claims which we receive from soldiers and sailors and their wives and dependents, but an actual increase. Indeed, this war will leave a legacy of trouble and suffering for many years, which it will be the privilege of ourselves and our readers to do what we can to assuage.)

Residents and Employees at Bwana M'Kubwa, N. W. Rhodesia, £25, N.C.O.'s and Men, Fifth Army Signal Coy., R.E., £5; "Scot" (Edinburgh), £1; "York and Lancaster 1914," 5s.; "Fairplay," 2s.; J. D. (Edinburgh), 2s.; "Babs," £2 2s.; G. M. (Aberfeldy), 1s. 6d.; "Era" (R.N.R.), 2s. 6d.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; Mrs. E. F. (Walthamstow), 2s. 6d.; "Molly," 1s.; G. L. (Grantham), 10s.; Mrs. J. E. W. (Hastings), 2s.; "Clartlidge," 1s. 3d.; "A Widow," 2s.; P. and J. H., £1; A. B. (Mansfield), 1s.; "Rusticus," 10s.; Mrs. A. S. (Paignton), 10s.; M. T. I. (Portmadoc), 1s.; Stewards Dept., H.M.A.T. *Goorkha*, £3; "Mailin," £1 10s.; "Frank," 2s.; D. A. (Southport), £1; W. R. J. (Carlisle), 2s. 6d.; "Britain for the British," 10s.; "A Stoke Potter," 5s.; W. A. Q. (Strangford), £1; T. F. B. (Manchester), £1; G. G. (Clapham), 3s.; "Syracus," 10s.; J. A. C. (Edinburgh), 17s.; N. W. (Brondesbury Park), 2s. 6d.; "Carliol," 2s. 6d.; R. W. (Manchester), 6d.; Mrs. A. M. B. (Stoke Newington), 3s.; J. J. H. (Fulham), 5s.; D. M. E. (Dorset), 5s.; E. H. S., £1; J. S. (Londonderry), 7s.; Discount from sale of postcards from "Main Shop" D.I.S.A.A., Park Royal (per H. W.), 9s. 6d.; "The W.R.A.F.'s at Wittering," 4s.; Mrs. J. B. (Abbeyhill), 5s. 3d.; "Spaewife" (Gourock), 5s.; "Beda," (Cardiff), 2s. 6d.; Gunner H. B., 9d.; "Jerry," 2s.; L. S. (Watford), 8s.; "New Cross," 5s.; J. R. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; L. E. (Battersea), 2s. 6d.; "S. Ealing Reader," 2s.; J. H. (Staplehurst), 2s.; "Charlie," 6d.; D. B., 6d.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however, given official printed receipts.)

AT IT ALREADY.

THE GENTLE HUN NOW DEALING IN LULLABIES.

WHILE the eyes of the world are focussed upon the big four in Paris in the long-drawn-out efforts to decide what shall be demanded as recompense for the ravages of France and Belgium, the smile on the face of the Hun at home is growing ever broader. And with good reason. For he is feverishly at work upon his long-conceived plan of a fresh commercial campaign for capturing the world's market, and his efforts are being so cunningly camouflaged that already he is meeting with a goodly degree of success—in certain neutral centres.

DANGER IN OUR MIDST.

Every day fresh evidence is coming to hand of the devices being adopted by the wily Teuton for fixing his commercial tentacles on the trade of the Allies. The danger is already in our midst, and it is therefore a National menace for us as a nation to lull ourselves into a sense of false security.

While the Board of Trade persists in its methods of a vigorous postal censorship no criticism can be made of that department. But to make their efforts, and the D.O.R.A. restrictions fully effective, the authorities have a right to expect the fullest loyalty and co-operation from the business community of this country in frustrating the plans of the beast who, finding that wholesale murder was after all not sound business, is now seeking with every underhand scheme to regain the respect and support of the peoples whose countries he soaked in blood.

There would be little excuse for referring to a subject which has already become hackneyed but for the fact that practically every mail from a neutral country contains a large percentage of correspondence from professedly repentant Prussians whose cry has changed from "Deutchslahd Uber Alles" to "Business as Usual."

A BLATANT INSTANCE.

The effrontery with which the Hun is approaching some of our leading commercial houses in the efforts to reopen business relationships is as amazing as the savagery with which he waged war. One of the latest and most blatant instances of this kind occurred within the past week, when Mr. Herman Darewski, the well-known composer and music publisher, received a letter, dated from Hamburg, yet posted in Holland, and containing an address in Rotterdam to which to reply. It was signed by the head of one of the leading music publishing houses in Germany, and contained the following:

> "I have the intention to introduce into Germany the "Arizona" Fox-trot, edited by your firm, and by the present, I beg to ask you if you would be willing to charge me with the exclusive sale thereof for Germany and Austria-Hungary (the countries respectively which formerly belonged to Austria-Hungary) for Scandinavia and Switzerland. I should, if you consent to my proposal, get 3,000 copies printed at once. . . . The music to be printed by the well-known music printer, C. C. Röder, Leipzig, the printing to be under your control, so that without your approval no editions could be printed. ... Please send through the mediation of my correspondent, Messrs. ————, Rotterdam, 1 copy each, for piano and orchestra, in case you agree to my proposal.
>
> Should you have any other really prominent things *suited for the German market*, please to let me have some copies thereof. The royalty payments will always be paid after the sale of the respective editions, whereas for the first edition I shall pay you in advance of ————, as soon as the contract will be concluded,
>
> Yours truly,
>
> ————

At the end of this impudent epistle the names of four of the best London music-publishing houses are given as references, the writer obviously taking advantage of the fact that he had had some dealings with the firms named in pre-war days. The fact that the man should have the cool impudence to give the names of London firms as references is one of the most striking pieces of evidence that has yet come to hand that the Hun still refuses to believe that the war has made the slightest difference in the friendliness of our feelings towards him.

THE STRANGLEHOLD AGAIN.

As in so many other of the more profitable business enterprises of this country, the Germans were fast getting a stranglehold upon the British music trade at the time hostilities were declared, and throughout the war the Herman Darewski Music Publishing Co. has been one of the foremost in the fight to oust Hun music from the British Market. Mr. Darewski has himself been responsible for tracing the Hun taint in no fewer than eight plays which reached this country during the war through apparently innocent neutral channels, and in each case their production in London was in consequence stopped. His life-long association with the music trade of this country and America has given him a peculiar knowledge of the subtle workings of the Hun brain, and he is convinced that the most carefully organised plans of our Government departments must fail unless they are backed by the loyalty of every member of the community. Particularly does this apply to the music lover, who to help us gain the real fruits of victory must look for the mark of the Hun beast who has stifled his arrogant song of victory and is now only too anxious to deal in soft lullabies.

That the Allied countries possess a sufficient wealth of musical talent without ever needing to look to the Fatherland is amply proved by the fact that while the adapted German musical play was always a feature of London theatrical fare in pre-war days, there has been by far a greater number of successes in England since the German market has been closed to us.

AN IMPRESSION REMOVED.

Moreover, although the war-time public was not exactly critical, these successes had remarkably long runs. It must be supposed that the plays had merits, apart altogether from the fact that Britain was at war and needed something light and wholesome to counteract the effects of the strenuous time. In the old days there was a widespread impression that we had no native composers to compare with foreign musicians; that impression is now removed.

After all, England was not a military power; but it only needed a menace such as that of Germany in August, 1914—not only to us, but to the whole world—to stimulate the military spirit. In the same way, we looked to our laurels in the musical world, and—cut out the Hun.

When one compares the German musical play with its sensuous, sometimes haunting melody, with the present day English "revue" of the best class, one has to admit in all fairness that one has gone home exhilarated after the latter type, whereas with the former one has thought "It is not English!" It needed the war to point the moral, which it did in no undecided fashion.

The Hun is in no sense unaware of the feeling in this country against him; and he will do his uttermost to popularise his wares, making them as British in aspect as he can. It is not possible to emphasise this statement too often. The evidence of his determination quoted above is sufficient to show the pachydermatous nature of his hide and the self-sufficiency of his nature. But England is quite as self-sufficient in the music world.

In proof of this one has only to remember the fine choice of melodies in the pieces which are at the moment filling some of the principal theatres. "Love Will Find a Way," "A Bachelor Gay," "When You're in Love," and the "Maid of the Mountains," certainly equal if not surpass anything the German composers of light music have given, while such numbers as "If You Could Care" and "Helen of Troy" stand alone as numbers of their class. The delightful musical score of "The Lilac Domino" has set London humming, while "K-K-K-Katy" from "Buzz Buzz" has become almost historic. Again, the score of "Chu Chin Chow" is of high merit among British compositions, while the success of the revues "Hullo America" and "Us" is in no small part due to its tuneful melodies.

These few instances mentioned at random are sufficient to wipe away for ever the fallacious notion so carefully fostered by the Germans themselves that the world must look to the Fatherland for the best in music.

THE CONSULTATION.

By "RETLAW."

Sherlock Holmes stretched his lank legs and extended a gaunt hand for the tobacco jar.

"Hist!" commanded he abruptly, raising his long, thin, pale hand with a warning gesture. "If I am not very much mistaken that was the 'honk' of a taxi, followed by the scream of suddenly applied brakes."

"There were no taxis on the streets when we began our adventures," observed Watson with a fatuous grin. "It was the trot and tinkle of the hansom that we used to hear."

"Shurrup!" interrupted Holmes sharply. "Methinks I hear a heavy foot upon the stair."

"P'raps it's the man with the coals at last!" exclaimed Watson, his eyes opening wide.

"It is too heavy for that. I think it is more probably Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," murmured the deductive genius complacently, leaning back in his disreputable armchair, crossing his attenuated legs, and delicately bringing the finger tips of each hand together.

"What, the boss?" cried Watson.

"Don't be a fool, Watson," pleaded Holmes, languidly. "Your use of the term 'boss' expresses too blatantly the servility of your mind. Do you think for one moment that had it not been for us—I say 'us' in obedience to my habitual courtesy—Dr. Conan Doyle would to-day be Sir Arthur? Was that a knock?"

"Whoever it is has been knocking for the last ten minutes," was Watson's reply.

"I know," retorted Holmes. "But it was necessary for me to conclude the foregoing sentence before appearing to notice it. You are always spoiling my well-thought-out effects. Come in!"

The door opened, and, sure enough, in stalked the towering form of the well-known author.

"What the deuce do you mean by keeping me waiting on the landing for half-an-hour?" he demanded.

"Sit down," murmured the imperturbable detective, with a careless wave of the hand. "This is my friend, Dr. Watson. You may speak freely before him."

"Don't be a d——d fool," growled Sir Arthur. "Didn't I create you both—idiot?"

"Well; and haven't we repaid you handsomely?" demanded Holmes, unmoved.

"Bah!" ejaculated Sir Arthur. "I did not come here to bandy words with you. I want to consult you professionally."

"One moment!" replied Holmes. "I have not yet played a dirge on my violin. That was almost invariably an introductory feature of my adventures. Watson, pass the fiddle!"

"You can cut that out," said Sir Arthur abruptly. "This is not a short story, worked up for effect. I'm really in serious trouble."

"Don't distress yourself by going into details," said Holmes. "I know all."

"The devil you do!" exclaimed the astonished author. "Impossible!"

Sherlock Holmes leaned forward, tapped Sir Arthur on the knee, and murmured the word, "Spirits!"

"Exactly!" shouted the author. "Tell me where I can purchase a bottle of Scotch whisky at the controlled price, and I will——"

There was a gasp and a gurgle. Sir Arthur sprang to his feet. Dr. Watson lay insensible on the hearth-rug. Holmes, pale as ashes, fought for breath and speech.

"You have be-beaten me," he whispered. "I cannot—survive—this—dis-disgrace. Good bye-ee!"

And the incomparable detective fainted in his chair.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

THE OUT-OF-WORK DOLE.

If you're waking, call me early,
Call me early, mother dear,
For there's certain to be hundreds at
The Labour Exchange, I fear.
I'd sooner lie in bed, mother—
That I need hardly say—
But it is to-morrow when I draw
My Unemployment Pay!

When war broke out, you may recall,
Instead of going to fight,
I went in for munitions, and
Worked hard, both day and night!
I liked the night work, mother dear,
Much better than the day,
Because 'twas reckoned overtime
And earned me extra pay!

While older men than me, mother,
Fought hard in heat and snow,
I used to draw my quids a week
And "do" a picture-show:
And now the war is over, ma,
And Tommy's had his day,
He's simply shunted, while I get
My Unemployment Pay!

If you're waking, call me early,
Call me early, mother dear,
I wouldn't oversleep myself
For anything—no fear!
I'd sooner lie in bed, mother,
But I'm not such a jay,
For there's Unemployment Pay, mother,
There's Unemployment Pay!

"The Hidden Hand" film can be seen this week at Colne, Central Hall; Ilfracombe, Palace Cinema; and next week at Tranent, Picture House; Prestonpans, Picture House; Brighton, Princes Theatre; Greenock, Victoria Theatre.

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Memory and Good Judgment

Good judgment is largely a matter of memory. It is easy to make the right decisions if you have *all* the related facts outlined in your mind—clearly and exactly.

Wrong decisions in business are made because the man who makes them forgets some vital fact or figure which, had he been able to summon clearly to mind, would have changed his viewpoint.

The Power of Memory

A man's experience in business is only as old as his memory. The measure of his ability is largely his power to remember at the right time. Two men who have been in a certain business will vary greatly in their experience and value.

If *you* can remember—clearly and accurately—the solution of every important problem since you first took hold of your work, you can make *all* of your experience count.

If, however, you have not a good memory and cannot recall instantly facts and figures that you learned years ago, you cannot make your experience count.

There is no asset in business more important than a good memory. The man referred to at the beginning of this article, whose memory is said to be easily worth £200,000, knows more about his business than any other man in his field because he has been able to remember everything he has ever learned.

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Any man, woman, or child of average intelligence can easily and quickly acquire a sure and exact memory.

When David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, first determined to cultivate his memory he did it because he had *poor* memory. He actually could not remember a man's name twenty seconds. He forgot so many things that he knew he could not succeed unless he did learn how to remember.

To-day there are over ten thousand people whom Mr. Roth has met at different times—most of them only once—whom he can name instantly on sight. Mr. Roth can, and has, hundreds of times at dinners and lectures, asked from fifty to one hundred people to tell him their names and telephone numbers, and business connections, and then, after turning his back while they changed seats, has picked each one out by name and told him his telephone number and business.

These are only a few of the score of other equally "impossible" things that Mr. Roth does—and yet a few years ago he could not remember a man's name twenty seconds. *You*, too, can do these wonderful things.

A Better Memory in One Evening

Mr. Roth's system, which he has developed through years of study, and which he has taught in class to thousands of business men and others, is so easy that a twelve-year-old child can learn it, and it is more real fun than any game you play solely for pleasure.

Not only will you enjoy every moment you spend on this wonderful Course, but so will your entire family—even the small children can join in the fun.

You get results in the few first moments. Fifteen minutes after you start the first lesson you will see an amazing difference in your power to remember. And a single evening spent on the first lesson will absolutely double your memory power—and may do even more, just as it has for thousands of others.

Just think what this will mean to you—to have twice as good a memory—to have a memory that will enable you instantly to see a new world of facts, figures, faces, addresses, 'phone numbers, selling points, data, and all kinds of mental pictures with less than one-hundredth of the effort you now spend in trying to remember without success.

The reason Mr. Roth can guarantee to double your memory in one evening is because he gives you the boiled-down, crystallised secret right at the start—then how far you care to go in further multiplying your ability to remember will depend simply on how far you want to go—you can easily and quickly develop your memory to such an extent that you can do everything Mr. Roth can do. He makes the act of remembering an easy, natural, automatic process of the mind.

Try Before You Buy

So confident are the publishers, The Standard Art Book Co., Ltd., of the remarkable value of the Roth Memory Course to every reader of this paper that they want you to test this remarkable system in your own home before you decide to buy. The Course must sell itself to you by actually increasing your memory before you obligate yourself to spend a penny.

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Mr. Roth's fee for personal instruction to classes limited to fifty members is £200, but in order to secure nation-wide distribution for the Roth Memory Course in a single season the publishers have put the price at only 30s. The Course contains the very same material in permanent form that is given in the personal £200 class.

And bear in mind—you don't have to pay even the small fee asked unless after a test in your own home you decide to keep it.

SEND NO MONEY

Don't send a single penny. Merely write us a letter. By return post, all charges prepaid, the complete Roth Memory Course will be sent to your home.

Study it one evening—more if you like—then if you feel that you can afford not to keep this great aid to more money—to bigger responsibilities—to fullest success in life, post it back to the publishers, within three days, and you will owe nothing.

If a better memory means only one-tenth as much to you as it has to the other 114,000 business men and women who have already taken the Roth Memory Course, write a letter to-day—NOW—but don't put it off and forget—as those who need the Course the very worst are apt to do. Write a letter now before the low introductory price is withdrawn.

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Shorthand

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THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.

The readers of "JOHN BULL" discuss matters of Public Interest.

In giving publicity on this page to the views of correspondents, preference will be accorded to brief letters bearing name and address for publication.

All envelopes and letters must be marked "P.P." in left-hand corner.

Letters for this page must relate to public, as distinguished from personal, topics.

For short acknowledgments of communications and replies to other letters—selected from our general mail—see "Letter Bag," page 18.

Shielding the Sponsors.

The Home Secretary says it is "not the practice" to give names of the British-born subjects who stand as sponsors in naturalisation cases. This should not be left to his discretion. It's about time all sponsors' names were made public. We should then know whom to trust. In the case of poor criminals, names would be published broadcast!—A. EDWARDS, St. Stephen's Street, Copley, Halifax.

(We intend to press upon the Government an amendment of the law requiring all announcements of naturalisations to be accompanied by the names of the British sponsors.)

What Annoys the "Demobbed."

Many prevailing conditions of existence and incidents in the daily life of every demobilised soldier cause him annoyance and he often is led to ask himself "Did I fight for *this*?" The one thing we all hate most is the presence in this country of tens of thousands of aliens—flaunting the wealth they made at the expense of our comrades' lives, and now, for the most part, keeping our comrades out of work.—R. A. CHELL, Sneath Avenue, Golders Green.

(Our correspondent must have been reading our speech on the Second Reading of the Government's Aliens Bill!)

Industrial Suicide.

Mr. Runciman recently asked: "What was to be done with German goods?" while Sir John Simon also wanted to know how Germany could pay any portion of the war indemnity "unless we are willing to receive German goods." As the Board of Trade returns show that our imports from Germany in 1913 exceeded our exports to her by £40,000,000, it is certain we suffered equal limitation of output here. Would it not cause national industrial suicide to receive goods from Germany?—ERNEST OAKLEY, The Birches, Exeter.

(It all depends upon the kind of goods—for instance, we can do with as much iron ore, timber, potash and other "raw materials" as we can get.)

The "Fictional" British Workman.

Journalism persists in depicting the working man as a beer-drinking, tobacco-chewing, constantly spitting, profane-mouthed individual. The artist and the cartoonist portray him with his hands deep in his trouser's pockets, a clay pipe in his mouth, and wearing either a low collar or muffler and a greasy cap. Writers of tales and novels centralise him around the pub. This is not true of the British workman and is "fiction" in the double sense of the word.—D. ANDERSON, Park Avenue, Altrincham.

(We quite agree, but isn't it also the custom to depict the capitalist with an inflated stomach encircled by a gold cable, and with a torpedo cigar in his mouth? These artists are such funny fellows!)

Five Guineas will be paid each week to the writer of what we consider to be the most interesting letter. That amount has been sent to Mr. Mundell, the writer of the starred letter.

Utopian!

A universal working week of 44 hours; a minimum weekly wage of £3 10s. to skilled men, £2 10s. to unskilled men or labourers, with apprentice rate in proportion; public-house hours, 10 to 2 and 6 to 10 daily except Sundays, and all licensed premises to be subject to the strictest supervision as to quality and condition of liquor supplied and general conduct of business; less laziness and more honest labour among all concerned; homelier and happier relations between masters and men; all industrial disagreements that may crop up to be settled by more reasonable means than resort to strikes. That is what is wanted.—WM. MUNDELL, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

(An excellent picture—calculated to make old Plato turn in his grave with envy.)

Publicity for Public Funds.

Little or nothing is heard as to how the National Relief (Prince of Wales's) Fund has been utilised, and questions in the House are declined by the Ministers concerned. It is time legislation was introduced, making it compulsory for *all* charitable institutions to compile and publish a balance-sheet, showing detailed expenditure.—S. PEARSALL, Upper Wallhouse Street, Walsall.

(Our correspondent is wrong in thinking that the Prince of Wales's Fund is under Government control. We agree, however, that all public funds should be publicly audited.)

"The Spectacle of Luxury."

The cause of Bolshevism is what has been aptly termed "the spectacle of luxury." Never before—not even in the most decadent ages—has such unbridled luxury been indulged in by the "few privileged thousands." Add to this the fact that never before has such wide publicity been given to this spectacle of luxury, by the cinema, the stage and the press, and the widespread discontent among those who do the world's work and get little of the world's delights in return is easily explained.—C. H. S. DUNCAN, Captain, Harrow View.

(In fairness to the richer classes, our friend should remember that they have mostly considerably simplified their methods of living, whilst munition workers and others have been "going the pace.")

Create a Precedent!

What is the use of wasting time discussing whether there is any International Law under which the Kaiser—who scrapped International Law, and every other law, human and divine—can be brought to trial for his crimes? Let him be tried by the oldest law in the world, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."—G. CAMPBELL, Ireland Street, Carnoustie.

(We are afraid the answer would be that two wrongs don't make a right. We will, however, have that eye and tooth in the end!)

Bolshevik Propagandists.

Why not publicly placard London and other big centres with warnings to our troops as to the evil of listening to "ranters" and "alarmists"—well-dressed men, nicely spoken, who offer one a "fag" and ask "What do you think of things?" Their chief themes are profiteering, wicked masters and the poor down-trodden working classes. These men—whose one object is to spread revolution by exaggerated statements—should be recognised as a serious menace to the public peace.—ALBERT J. MAPLE, Jephtha Road, S.W.

(An excellent suggestion, but we have always been behind other countries in propaganda work.)

Your Own Landlord.

When the Government's housing plan materialises and the houses are in course of erection why not help the workers to become their own landlords? Building Societies will lend 80 per cent. of the purchase money, and surely the Government can guarantee them the remaining 20 per cent., and as the capital and interest is paid back weekly or monthly there would practically be no risk, as the equity would be cleared off in a few years. Workers would then have the great benefit of owning their houses by paying very little more per annum than they would in rent.—FRANK CARTER, Winfield Place, Leeds.

(We are afraid that Building Societies would lend only to their own members, but at the same time we agree that the Government should endeavour to formulate a scheme of house purchase direct from the authorities.)

The Cotton Crisis.

Much speechifying has been done in regard to the Lancashire cotton export trade and Lancashire people have had soothing assurances. But while all this talking is going on, America and Japan are stealthily monopolising our trade in foreign markets of which in pre-war days we held undisputed control. If immediate action is not taken by the Government to lift the present drastic restrictions, Lancashire's prosperity will receive a blow, and then will come a repetition of the "Hungry Forties."—PHILIP TRITON WELCH, Newlas Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.

(We refer our correspondent to the article on another page—on the People's League.)

RACING NOTES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

AN INTERESTING DERBY.

By "THE SQUIRE."

I am credibly informed that Gainsborough's jockey will ride THE PANTHER in the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby. The Son of Tracery remains my winter selection for the Epsom Classic. Be that as it may, there should be no undue haste to back him just yet awhile: as good a price will probably be obtainable about him on the day of the race.

With another trump card up his sleeve in the shape of LORD BASIL, Alec Taylor will thus have a strong hand to play in this season's Classics. As THE PANTHER and STEFAN THE GREAT are to join issue, the Victory Derby promises to develop into a race of all-absorbing interest. There has been a move for STEFAN THE GREAT this week, but I would rather take 2 to 1 about him on the day of the race than double those odds now. Hard ground may easily find a flaw in his armour.

We go to Epsom and Sandown this week, and I take it the City and Sub. rests between GALLOPER LIGHT, DAN SELLON and SANDMOLE. For a long each-way shot commend me to the last-named, who has the beating of the Lincolnshire Handicap winner, ROYAL BUCKS, on the strict letter of the book.

My selections are as follows:—

EPSOM.—WEDNESDAY.
Copthorne Plate—TUNWORTH.
Tadworth Plate—*VIOLINIST.
Hyde Park Plate—PRUE FILLY.
City and Sub.—GALLOPER LIGHT, SANDMOLE a place.

SANDOWN PARK—THURSDAY.
Esher Cup—*STAND TO.
Cobham Plate—JOHN PEEL.
Twickenham Handicap—WARWICK.
Mount Felix Plate—OUR STEPHEN.

SANDOWN PARK—FRIDAY.
Fairmile Plate—*TANGIERS.
Produce Stakes—SAFFRAN.
Guildford Handicap—LEANDROS.
Prince Albert Handicap—PRETTY GIRL.

SANDOWN PARK—SATURDAY.
Criterion Chase—*BERNSTEIN.
Kingston Hurdle—MORNING STAR.
International Chase—SQUARE DANCE.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"BRADFORD DAILY ARGUS":—
"Any OWNER whose dog shows signs of illness SHOULD BE CHAINED UP SECURELY."

"SPORTING TIMES":—
"If Mrs. George Lambton is ONE OF THE SMARTEST WOMEN on a racecourse, her HUSBAND can certainly claim to be ONE OF THE MOST ORIGINAL."

"WATERFORD STAR":—
"He was walking along the footpath, and SLOWLY witness HASTENED towards him."

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—
"Reference to Miss Violet Essex reminds me of the dominating brilliance of her performance. . . . She has won unbounded UNPOPULARITY on the sheer merit of a wonderful soprano voice."

"FORMBY TIMES" (advertisement):—
"Why Go Out of Formby to be SWINDLED? COME TO THE BARN."

"IRISH INDEPENDENT":—
"The courts gave judgment for £25 against an employer BECAUSE HE LOST A FINGER OF ONE OF HIS HANDS."

No More Backaches

Certain Relief in 24 Hours

DOES it make you think—when you wake up with a headache and a nasty taste in your mouth?

When you start the day as tired as when you finish?

When you get those stabbing pains in the back?

When your arms and legs ache?

When you feel irritable and depressed?

All these mean kidney trouble, and kidney trouble demands a kidney remedy: not one which affects the bowels—but one that goes straight to the kidneys and bladder.

For all these painful symptoms—and for the most stubborn cases of rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago, gravel, bladder inflammation and Bright's Disease—there is one sure and safe remedy—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Read what others say about them. Mr. Albert Carpenter, of 17, Lambeth Walk, Westminster, S.W., says:—

"My kidneys and bladder were weak from childhood and time after time I was ill, and often in hospital with rheumatism. In March, 1912, I was in a very critical condition with rheumatic fever when a small box of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills was given to my mother. I started taking them, and in two days I could move about again. I continued the treatment, and after six weeks I returned to work and have continued ever since. I can lift and handle half-a-hundredweight of metal with ease, and without any traces of my old pains."

MR. A. CARPENTER. [*From a Photo.*]

This letter was written in 1912. Seven years later Mr. Carpenter wrote confirming his previous testimonial. He says: "I have recommended De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills to many people—some of them very bad cases—and I have never known them to fail." De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills cure all complaints of the kidneys and bladder by removing the cause—the poisonous uric acid—right out of the blood through the bladder. When you see a blue tinge in the urine you know that the healing properties are doing their work—and you may expect immediate relief from pain.

When you buy the pills be sure they are De Witt's in the white boxes, printed in blue and gold. Give them a fair trial and prove for yourself what relief they bring. You can get a box for 2/9, or a month's supply of these wonderful little pills for 5/-. Or, if you would like to try them first, without risking a penny, all you have to do is to send your application to the Makers: E. C. De Witt & Co., Ltd., (Dept. 142a), 44-45, Rathbone Place, London, W. 1, stating your Chemist's name and address fully, and what you suffer from, when a generous supply will be sent you by return post, in plain wrapper.

De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

A Doctor's Appeal

A DOCTOR writes: "I wish my patient to continue Hall's Wine and for it to be made easy for her to obtain it, for her health's sake." As supplies are still insufficient to satisfy the great demand, special arrangements have been made to meet urgent cases where doctors prescribe Hall's Wine.

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Repair the piano
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Do wood inlaying
Cure a smoky chimney
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Distemper ceilings and walls
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Stuff birds and animals
Mount map
Bind magazines
Bind books
Reseat chairs
Work in glass
Instal a home speaking tube
Clean a Primus or other stove
Repair bicycles
" motor cycles
Work in metal
Colour metals
Warm two rooms from one grate
Make a self-closing door
Do Glass silvering and bevelling
Fix roller blinds
Repair floor boards
Frost glass
Repair French clocks
Adjust typewriters
Frame pictures
Repair sewing machines
Make magic lanterns
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Do Sign writing
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Mr. HASSHAGEN, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, writes: "Allow me to congratulate you on the production of such an excellent household work. I should advise every young couple about to make a home for themselves to put it on their list of essentials."

Mr. TATTON, Keresley, writes: "I believe I could make or mend any of the articles dealt with if I depended on the beautiful illustrations alone."

Mr. SHEARON, Burnley, writes: "This closes my account, but I hope to keep in touch with your firm in future. To add the personal *touch* I may say I am discharged and am now partially disabled. *These books are putting money into my pocket.*"

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[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

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"ANTI-ALIEN" (Chelsea).—As you say, we are determined to "clear away the cesspool of alien iniquity." That is why we were unwilling to leave the job to the discretion of the Home Office.

"ARTEMUS WARD" (Essex).—If a man cannot make up his mind which way to vote, he is better at home minding the baby. There is very little trouble of this sort in South Hackney.

"OLD SCOT" (Nantes).—It is quite true that Mr. W. Harbutt Dawson, a member of the staff of the British Peace Delegation at Paris, has had two German wives—not, of course, at the same time.

MRS. W. (Chatham).—"Keep your eye on the women in Parliament." None arrived so far, but the first fair entrant shall certainly receive the homage of our respectful gaze.

I. P. T. (Portlleven).—They *do* ask lots of questions when an applicant wants to open a retail business, but as we understand the object is to protect Britons and freeze out aliens who would steal trade, we are not inclined to grumble.

C. W. (Bloomsbury).—"In view of the threatened increase of fares, I suggest the formation of a Walking League, the members of which pledge themselves to walk to and from their work." All very well for you, sir, but for ourselves—well, the spirit is willing but the flesh is superfluous.

M. H. (Beckenham).—It certainly is *not* "true that the Northcliffe Press paid our debts to enable us to return to Parliament." Alone we did it!

"ALEX" (Streatham Common).—"I have been an auxiliary postman in the Streatham sorting office since 1908 . . . Use your influence to get us more work." Judging by the rotundity of our post-bag, we are already doing our bit in that direction.

E. L. (Felixstowe).—"I wish to make a complaint as regards red tape." Just what we have been doing for years and years and years.

D. K. (Mackay, Queensland).—Don't you worry about the British farmer He has had a lovely war.

E. H. (Eltham).—"Is it not a scandal the Government should still be retaining female workers in the Stores of the A.O.D.?" It is; also a shame.

"INFECTION" (Glasgow).—We are bored stiff by the oft-repeated insane theory that the war was sent as a judgment on the people, but your suggestion that venereal disease was the *cause* of the war staggers us with its remarkable originality.

G. D. (Bermondsey).—Mr. Bonar Law was right in warning the Labour leaders that a general strike would be met with all the resources of the State. It was not a time for tact, as you call it, but for plain speaking, and the result has justified it.

R. H. T. (Sherborne).—You are a sanguine person if you think our vast War Debt could be paid off by means of National Flag Days. Moreover, it would enable the mean to evade the payment of their fair share.

"MONS HERO" (Deptford).—"Four years 7 months in France—I am 5 ft. 5 in., big enough to fight, but not big enough to get a job." Stand on your record, sonnie; you'll be big enough then.

L.-CPL. J. C. (Co. Mayo).—Because Galway girls like the Tommies, the Rev. J. W. O'Heeman calls them "slimy reptiles." Well, you cannot bridle the tongue of jealousy.

D. E. (Glam.).—Your letter written in Welsh is, we are quite sure, most interesting, but our expert in Welsh is at present absent. He is expert because he was welshed on Brighton racecourse some years ago.

J. A. T. (Battle) says that although the local Gas Co. now charge 7s. 1½d. per 1,000, sometimes the gas won't ignite at all. Perhaps when they're short of gas they let in wind.

"HAVERFORDWEST."—If a cinema pays girl-assistant-operator only 10s. a week and her mother 7s. 6d. for cleaning the place—well, it needs more cleaning and a severe operation.

"DISGUSTED" (Aston).—"I hear that when the municipal houses are built in Brum they will be rented from 12s. to 18s. per week." If so, the tenants will be able to sing with gusto, "Dear is my 'appy 'ome to me."

MISS P. (Little Bentley).—We should like details of the "conspiracy plot" which is "slow murder to one who drinks." Sounds creepy!

H. J. W. (Kensington).—What do you mean by addressing your letter to the "Illegal Department"? Nothing of that sort about us.

J. B. (Minehead).—We are not prepared to pay £100 for "one sea-serpent in a dried condition." Could you quote us for a pound of eels?

J. B. T. (London, N.).—"My voice I raise to sing a song of Bottomley the good." Thanks; you may now lower your voice, and sip a lime-juice.

G. B. (New Cross).—You are rather fierce. Have you been eating blood-oranges?

"SWEEP" (Hadleigh).—"We must not play the fool with work, or play the fool with pleasure, but play the game with both of them, then life will be a pleasure." Except that you used the last word once too often, that's as good as you'll manage.

MRS. SULLIVAN (Islington) informs us that there is no truth in the rumour that she has received £200 as compensation for the death of her daughter, Ellen, in Holloway Prison in the circumstances we described. She desires us to insert this denial, but we regret that the authorities have not recognised their liability in some substantial way.

MRS. M. C. (Exeter).—"Since writing, our salary has been reduced 5s. 6d." Pity you wrote us.

C. P. M. (Muswell Hill).—The Appointments Department of the Ministry of Labour appears to be a bit of a washout—bitten no doubt, by the red-tape worm. Rely on your own efforts to get a job.

"LIEUTENANT" (Bournemouth).—"Box of matches, penny-in-the-slot, bottom of box composed of thick linoleum, contained 13 matches." Unlucky number! especially as some were duds.

"MERRY MAC" (Leyton).—Don't like your notion of liquor in tabloids. A lozenge of mild-and-bitter is not our idea of a drink.

W. H. G. H. (France).—Notice outside Congregational Chapel, Leeds:—"Next Sunday Evening, subject: 'Stand Up, ye Dead.' You will be heartily welcomed." It seems an early date for Resurrection Day.

"GROCER" (London).—No sympathy. Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting; at least your bacon was.

"MUNITION GIRLS" (Brixton).—"Congratulations to the *Daily Mirror's* beauty girl. How glad she must feel that she didn't ruin her good looks by munitions work in a danger zone!" Tut, tut!

C. R. H. (Wandsworth).—Surely 12s. a week is a fair wage for a boy of 16 learning a job in the world. He often isn't worth it.

J. S. (Hetton-le-Hole).—There is still a good deal of delay in the transmission of telegrams, but afraid we cannot persuade the P.M.G. to give priority to racing tips.

F. C. B. (Pulborough).—Evidently you have been none too well treated, although it is, we suppose, the professional duty of a midwife to "go and oblige for a month."

W. D. (Manchester) reports that in the civil cemetery at Sobre-le-Chateau he discovered the grave of a British soldier, buried by the enemy—Private Stanley Thomas, London Fusiliers Regiment, aged 21. Relatives writing to 126, Reather Street, Manchester, may have fuller information.

H. T. D. (Nottingham).—Shocked to hear of the "demobbed" W.A.A.C. whose dress was fastened with pins. Awkward in the dark.

J. R. (Crewe).—Discharged after 23 years' service because you joined a Union? It is not for us to give an opinion, but for that Union to act.

R. E. F. (Reading).—"Will you kindly bear with me while," etc., etc. Fancy we've had to bear much worse infliction.

J. S. (Leeds).—You evidently failed to notice that our "Candid Communication" dealt specifically with wholesale costs *in London*. That's the worst of reading a paper with one eye.

"FIFTEEN YEARS' SERVICE" (Kinmel Park).—Sorry to hear of the canteen girls neglecting your thirst while making love to Canadian soldiers.

S. H. L. (Portsmouth).—Without doubt, hard-worked V.A.D.s are as much entitled to a War Gratuity as any other section of the nursing service.

W. F. (Brum).—Matches made to light at each end have been tried, but were a failure. Futile to try to burn matches, or candles, at both ends.

"EX-ARMY CYCLIST."—The firm advertising for a "German correspondent, knowledge of English unnecessary," hides its name under a box number, so we cannot print what we think of it. And it's unprintable, anyway.

J. T. (Barry Dock).—"There is not even one man in the U.K. to say one good word for coloured British seamen." We have said more than one, and are still at it.

"TEN TOMMIES" (Dartford) complain that the Dartford Fire Brigade got all the praise for their work at the fire at Hawly Manor House, while they, "ex-prisoners of war," got none at all for theirs. Never mind the praise; did you get any pudding?

A. (Blackpool).—If there is too much overtime among telegraphists, the G.P.O. should take steps to increase the staff. Don't fall over yourself at seeing your bright idea in print.

"SERGEANT" (Bulford Camp).—Cannot allow you to use this journal as the medium of private correspondence. Did you do your courting through the *Pink 'Un*?

MR. W. J. NELSON (8, Cherryville Street, Belfast), the winner of the £1,000 prize in "Bullets" Competition No. 325, tells us that he sent in his successful effort in the name of "Nelson W. Evans," Evans being the maiden name of his wife. He has been competing for four years, his largest previous win being £5. He is thirty years of age, and is engaged as an embroidery designer by one of the leading Belfast linen houses. We are sure all our readers will congratulate him.

"SURGEON-LIEUT." (Chatham).—"May I call your attention to a piece of downright profiteering?" You may, but that is not the way to surprise us.

J. M. (Carr Bridge).—Thanks for your interesting letter. You must have been quite a bright lad at school.

"DISAPPOINTED" (Grimsby).—In other words, how sad to court for worse or better a lovely girl and then not get her.

M. W. (Toronto).—"I am writing this letter to you from a long distance." Ah, well, be patient; soon you will be able to fly to us.

J. W. S. (King's Lynn).—"The wife on the 28th of March, 1919, gave birth to a son on the eve of Summer time." As you could not obtain coals, we can quite understand that shoving the clock forward did not warm the winter of your discontent.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

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If you are a sufferer from these painful and distressing maladies or some other form of Uric Acid excess, send to-day for an interesting book which is given away with a free trial package of "Curicones," the most wonderful discovery of recent years. Doctors and nurses recommend it. Not a mysterious patent medicine, but a wonderful compound, the component parts of which have the full approval of the French & British Medical Authorities.

Thousands already cured. Why go on suffering or walking about like a cripple? Simply follow this

LONDON DOCTOR'S ADVICE

"Your firm will be pleased to learn that the result of using 'Curicones' was so satisfactory that I recommended them to Mrs.———, who suffered for years from Arthritis. She is now entirely cured—all swelling and pain completely gone."

The treatment is so simple, so safe. You treat yourself at home. They cure when all else fail. Don't delay—wait no won't cure you—write for a supply, and then watch your daily progress to recovery. Send name, address, and ailment, and we will post you **FREE** a trial package and an interesting book about "Curicones." Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists (Dept. W.1), 19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

JUST THE BOOT YOU WANT.

Style No. 104.—Gentlemen's Box Calf Lace Boot. Unequalled value. Most servic able for general town wear. Money returned in full in case of dissatisfaction.

If not sure of size, send outline of stockinged foot

23/6
POST FREE

Cash with Order.
Style No. 104.

Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. (Size 12, 1/- extra). Each size made in three different widths: No. 4 Medium, No. 5 (Wide), No. 6 (Extra Wide).

Write for our 104-Page Catalogue.

THE MAXIMUM SHOE CO., LTD.,
Dept. 70, Maximum Works, Northampton

MOTOR CHAR-A-BANCS AND LAUNCHES FOR HIRE.

PICKFORDS LTD.,
205, High Holborn, W.C.

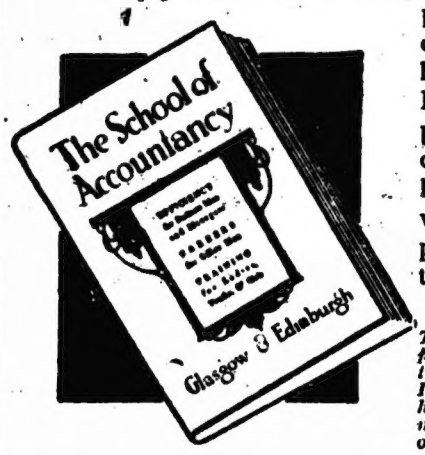
£300 £600 £1000 a year!

YOU CAN FIX YOUR OWN SALARY IF YOU TRAIN FOR IT

¶ This is a plain, true statement of fact. It is no exaggeration. Employers everywhere are looking for trained men as Organisers, Office and Works Managers, Accountants, etc., and are willing to pay high salaries if they can get the right men.

Such men are not born. They are made by training and study. Scores of men who were ordinary office clerks are now holding positions and getting big salaries. These didn't come by "waiting for something to turn up." The men put in their spare time in study and training under expert guidance. Are you sufficiently enthusiastic and ambitious to follow their example?

The School of Accountancy offers this expert guidance and training through its postal courses. The efficiency of its training has been amply demonstrated and proven—it is not an experiment. It gives personal training adapted to the student's circumstances, his peculiar requirements, his capacity, the time at his disposal. It leads him, step by step, to the completion of his training. Some finish the course in a few months, others take much longer. It depends upon the time devoted to study and the aptitude of the pupil. The moderate fee is in any case the same.



FREE BOOK.

This booklet, which is free and post free, gives particulars of the various courses of study, for these differ according to individual requirements. It gives the names and addresses of students who have "made good" and to whom reference can be made. Write for a copy today if you want £300, or £600, or £1,000 a year. Train for the big sums and you will get them.

FREE BOOK. THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY,
2, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.

Please send me, free and post free, copy of booklet advertised in "John Bull," 3/5/19.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

COMPANY MEETINGS.

DAY AND MARTIN.

The twentieth annual general meeting of Day and Martin, Limited, was held on April 24th, at Cannon-street Hotel, E.C., Mr. C. Hamilton Watkins presiding. The proceedings were purely formal, the report and accounts being unanimously adopted and the retiring director and auditors re-elected.

An extraordinary general meeting was subsequently held to consider resolutions to approve of the agreement to be made between the company and Hargreaves Brothers and Co., Limited.

Mr. C. Hamilton Watkins, who again presided, said that for some years past they had regarded it as inevitable that some kind of reconstruction proposal would have to be considered. They had realised that more fully when their general manager had been taken seriously ill towards the end of last year, as the fortunes of the business were so dependent upon his skilful management. The scheme of amalgamation before them, if approved, would make them less dependent upon the individual efforts of their general manager, who, however, had entered into an agreement to continue for a further term of years as managing director of Day and Martin, Limited. They were therefore looking forward to the advantage of his continued successful management. At an early stage in the negotiation with Messrs. Hargreaves Brothers and Co., Limited, he (the chairman) had visited their works at Hull. The business of Messrs. Hargreaves was established over half a century ago, and for many years had consisted of the manufacture of laundry blue and blacklead only. During the last twenty years they had gradually extended their operations, until they were also manufacturers on an extensive scale of floor polish, metal polish, and other household requisites. Being a private company they did not issue a balance-sheet to the public, but there had been submitted to them a certificate by their auditors to the effect that their available profits during the past three years would suffice to pay more than three times over the dividend required on the new 10 per cent. Preferred Ordinary shares which it was proposed to issue to Day and Martin, Limited, under the scheme. They were satisfied that the interests of the shareholders would be fully protected by the arrangement. Time did not permit of his mentioning the innumerable directions in which economies could be effected and the expenditure of further capital obviated, but he might say that Day and Martin, Limited, should benefit in buying and selling in manufacturing and in advertising, as well as in technical experience and distribution, by the fusion. In the export trade, as well as in the home market, advantages would accrue to them. The directors of Messrs. Hargreaves were all practical men, and in that respect he suggested that a great advantage would accrue to Day and Martin, Limited. He concluded by moving resolutions approving the arrangement to be made between the company and Messrs. Hargreaves Brothers and Co., Limited, and increasing the capital of the company to £250,000 by the creation of 98,030 new shares of £1 each, to be called Deferred Ordinary shares.

The resolutions were seconded by Mr. F. J. O. Torry, and carried unanimously.

MAZAWATTEE TEA COMPANY.

Presiding on Thursday at the twenty-third ordinary general meeting of the Mazawattee Tea Co. (Ltd.), Mr. Alexander Jackson, the chairman and managing director, said that the profit for the year amounted to £59,341, as against £50,103 for the year 1917. Under the Government scheme of a one-price tea, by far the greater proportion of the company's accounts were closed to them for tea, ere of the Ministry's reasons for the scheme being to facilitate transport. He, however, doubted whether anything had been gained in that way.

The tea control scheme, however, had now practically come to an end, and they had an opportunity of reopening their old accounts. The company had always made a speciality of high-class teas, and there was evidence on every side that the public was appreciating their skilfully-blended choice teas, as there was a big demand for Mazawattee tea at the present time.

The general position gave the directors every confidence in the future of Mazawattee tea. They recommended the payment of the dividends on the preference shares and a dividend of 10 per cent. on the ordinary shares.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

THE WORLD'S
TANK MOUSE TRAP
(Patent No. 17,243).

CATCHES, DROWNS AND RE-SETS in One Operation.

This Trap is always set and baited, the mice being unable to reach the bait. The whole top forms a lid which lifts off to empty or refill with water. Cannot harm birds or animals, and can be safely set in House, Loft, or Aviary. Will catch a dozen mice at one setting.

BRITISH MADE & BRITISH PATENT.
Post Free 2/10 each.
J. SIMPSON & SONS, Otley, YORKS

"BULLETS"

BIGGEST PRIZES £250 2ND PRIZE £20 3RD PRIZE £10

1ST PRIZE 1ST PRIZE

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10	25 PRIZES OF 10s.	200 PRIZES OF 5s.	1,000 PRIZES OF 2s. 6d.	3,000 "TARGET" PRIZES.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—TOMMY'S GRATUITY. Bullet:—SOON DISAPPEARS WHEN SHOPPING. Example:—PERHAPS. Bullet:—HUNS WILL REPENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated May 24th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 330.

BRITAIN'S FUTURE	BOTTOMLEY'S POSITION	PEACE TERMS	AT THE LABOUR EXCHANGE	SHOCKS WILSON
LLOYD GEORGE'S PROMISE	FOLLOWING HIS FANCY	HAVING IT OUT	MONEY FOR NOTHING	A SILLY THING
TAXING THE BACHELOR	TOMMY'S GRATUITY	GOING TO RUSSIA	A WOMAN'S WAY	SECOND HELPING
AN EMPTY DREAM	A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT	NOT ALL THERE	SWEET THINGS	GIVING HER AWAY
FUNNY MAN	PERHAPS	NOBODY'S FAULT	SLOW TO LEARN	SWEETHEARTS
A BAD MEASURE	SAVING A LOT	PAST WORK	SHOP EGGS	AT IT AGAIN

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 8th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(330) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 2 coupons is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 8th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(330) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 330. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "Competition" in top left-hand corner of the envelope.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 331.

MERRY ENGLAND—ON THE RHINE—TOMMY'S WATCH—STAGGERING HUMANITY—ALL SWEETHEARTS LIKE—THE KAISER'S FUTURE—GOING CONCERN—HOT AND STRONG—WORTH FIGHTING FOR—FIRST CIGAR—AT ANY PRICE—MY WIFE'S MOTHER—A WOMAN'S "NO"—VERY CLOSE—DELAYING PEACE—NO LAUGHING MATTER—WHAT GERMANY THINKS—WHAT WOMEN WEAR—UP TO SCRATCH—IN THE KITCHEN

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, MAY 15th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **331** in the top left-hand corner and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 331,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty examples for Competition 330.

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

MR. E. L. LORD, 11, Hillthorpe Road, Pudsey, Yorks:
SPEAKING HIS MIND — WISE MAN AFTER "CONSIDERATION."

MR. J. HUME, 60, Central Road, Port Sunlight:
NOT SO EASY—DANCING TO GERMAN MUSIC.

MRS. B. ANTENEY, 11, Exmouth St., Southampton:
MEETING HIS MASTER—DON'T "WALK INTO HIM."

CAPT. T. L. WHITEHEAD, Paragon Station, Hull:
LLOYD GEORGE IS—"FLY" BUT WILSON'S "SPIDER."

Result of 327th "Bullets" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Miss D. SHERWOOD, 38, Addison Rd., Hove, Sussex.
Example:—NOT SETTLED YET.
Bullet:—WHETHER FIREWORKS OR FIREARMS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. A. E. JESSOP, 53, Primrose Av., Shiregreen, Sheffield.
Example:—ALL FOR THE BEST.
Bullet:—BIRTHDAY HONOURS VERY RARELY.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. WILLIAM CHAMPION, 26, Wellbrook St., Tiverton, Devon.
Example:—GERMANY'S BILL.
Bullet:—THEN WHY BOTHER TAXPAYER.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

MR. C. HARGREAVES, 23, Mornington Road, Sale, Ches.:
A WOMAN'S TONGUE—TELLS EVERYBODY "TELL NOBODY!"

MISS G. VALENTINE, 9, South Rd., Fraserburgh:
COMING OFF—PEACE—TOMMY'S STAYING ON.

MR. M. CARRICK, c.o. T. Hall, Leechmere Rd., Sunderland:
GERMANY'S BILL—"UNSETTLED CONDITION" FORETELLS "STORM."

MR. F. PASHLER, 180, Cromwell Rd., Rushden:
GETTING READY—TUNNEL FOR DELEGATES' RETURN.

MR. A. CLARKE, 12, Leconfield Rd., Highbury, N.5:
GOOD SPIRITS—THE FIRST TO "GO."

MR. S. I. STANLEY, 54, Crawthew G've, Dulwich:
NO PEACE—FOR THOSE COMPROMISING IT.

MR. W. ADDISON, 27, Peel St., Thornaby-on-Tees:
KEPT IN THE DARK—KAISER'S "MILLIONS" WERE APPARENTLY.

MR. D. MACOWAN, 28, Auldhouse Rd., Newlands, Glasgow:
TOMMY'S GAME—PREPARING FOR "ENDURING" PEACE.

MR. C. R. HODGKINSON, 166, Englehcart Rd., Catford, S.E.:
COMPETITION—LAST THING OFFICIALDOM WANTS.

MR. T. LIDDLE, 14, Girven Tce., Hetton-Le-Hole:
A GOOD RACE—IN ARMAMENTS, NOW RESTARTING.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

MR. R. GORST, North Road, Lancaster:
LLOYD GEORGE IS—GREAT ON "CHANGING" CONDITIONS.

MR. J. A. SCOTT, 3, York Gdns., Ealing, W.13.:
TOO BAD—EVERY "SINGLE THING" TAXED.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

MR. J. RATCLIFFE, 93, Crawford Avenue, Smithdown Road, Liverpool:
LLOYD GEORGE IS—BUSY DODGING TELEGRAPH BOYS.

MR. C. L. HOPKINS, 255, Tyldesley Road, Hindsford, Manchester:
MEETING HIS MASTER—WISEST BEFORE DECLARING STRIKE.

MR. E. T. COOK, 2, Bradgate Lane, Rotherham:
TOO BAD—ATROCITIES ASSUMING "MONUMENTAL" FORM.

SGT. H. L. GRACEY, 74, C.D.D., Buxton:
SPEAKING HIS MIND—BOTTOMLEY "WENT IN" FOR.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 327 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

JOHN BULL'S

GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE.

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE AND LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex.

The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To .....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

May 3, 1919.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address.....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home.....

May 3, 1919. .....

WHAT WE WILL PAY

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to ...	£200
In Case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye ...	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to ...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 Per Week

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

The Old Way —and the NEW

O-Cedar Polish Mop

O-CEDAR MOPS WERE initiated to the homes of Great Britain in 1911, and have been growing in favour ever since.

They are now used by the million, and have become an essential part of every well-ordered home.

Saves time—money—work.

Obtainable of all Stores, Hardwaremen, &c.
Manufacturers: The Channell Chemical Co., Ltd., 41-45 Old St., London, E.C.

CRAYOL CIGARETTE CARTOON—No. C.

"COMRADES OF THE MIST."

"Say, bud," says Sailor Sam to Sailor Jack
When they foregather for a friendly crack,
"You bet it's been a bully time for me,
Sharing the British Navy's task at sea,
But when you share your CRAYOLS with me, mate,
Jehoshaphat! I guess that's really great!"

CRAYOL
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The only match for a CRAYOL is the one you light it with.

Those who like a cigarette made of Oriental tobaccos should also try "KARAM," 10 for 6½d.; 20 for 1s. 1d.

Manufactured by MAJOR DRAPKIN & CO., LONDON, Branch of the United Kingdom Tobacco Company, Limited.

10 for 5½d.
20 for 10½d.

P.C.B.—55

SEND FOR A FREE Practical TEST SAMPLE OF THE FAMOUS

VICTORIA
CHICKEN MEAL

Your chicks will gain 1 lb. per month if you feed them on "VICTORIA."

Send for our Free Sample. Feed it to your chicks. Day by day you will SEE them putting on flesh. If you then feed anything else, your chicks will fall off as rapidly as they came on. This is the actual experience of every user of 'Victoria Chicken Meal' and Dry Chick Feed. It proves to the hilt our statement that these are the most digestible and nutritious feeds in existence. The

Free Practical Test Samples

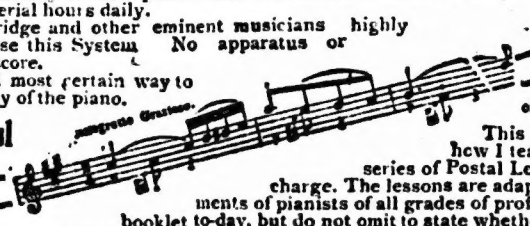
will prove it to you. Just send a post card with your own *and your dealer's* name and address to

SPILLERS & BAKERS Ltd.,
339 Bute Street, Cardiff.

FREE INFORMATION BUREAU on all Poultry and Dog matters is at your service. All queries answered with pleasure. Give full details of feeds used, etc.

You need not "practise" to become a Good Pianist

My System has abolished all necessity for key-board drudgery. It is now possible to obtain in a few months a mastery of the piano often unobtainable even after years of laborious practising for several hours daily.
Sir Frederick Bridge and other eminent musicians highly recommend and use this System No apparatus or specially written score.
The quickest and most certain way to permanent mastery of the piano.



Send for my Illustrated Book "Light on Pianoforte Playing."

10,000 Successful Pupils.

This book explains fully how I teach the System by a series of Postal Lessons and the fee I charge. The lessons are adapted to the requirements of pianists of all grades of proficiency. Apply for booklet to-day, but do not omit to state whether average or proficient player or if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune.

Send 2d. for part cost and postage. **A. MACDONALD SMITH**, 10 Bloomsbury Sq., London, W.C.1

From Brain to Keyboard **Macdonald Smith's System of Pianoforte Playing**

"Susan"

Hawley's I.K. Insect Killer

absolutely exterminates obnoxious insect pests

Buy a tin to-day and rid the home of such pests as Beetles, Cockroaches, Bugs, Fleas and Moths.

4d., 8d. and 1/3 per tin

OF ALL CHEMISTS

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

THE MOST **WONDERFUL VALUE** IN THE
RAINCOAT WORLD TO-DAY

You will want a new Raincoat sooner or later, so don't put the matter off until it does rain and then buy the first you see.

If you seek greater Style and greater value, the coat for you is the beautifully tailored, proper fitting "SARTOR" Raincoat. **It is only because we are the actual Manufacturers that we can afford to sell them at the astonishingly low price of**

29/6

So don't delay another day, and if you are not perfectly satisfied we willingly refund your money. Made in reliable quality Gabardine Cloth, in various shades, fully lined, check fabric, with smart belts and buckles. Ladies', Maids' and Youths' all in stock.

Write TO-DAY for FREE PATTERNS and Fashion Booklet.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO. (DEPT. J), 53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

HERBS FOR MANUFACTURE OF
VITADATIO
THE MEDICINE THAT
CURES

WHEN OTHER TREATMENTS FAIL. Recently held up by shipping shortage, are now arriving from Australia in normal quantities, and the rationing of this GREAT AUSTRALIAN REMEDY IS REMOVED. Sufferers from

TUMOURS, TUBERCULOSIS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, INTERNAL GROWTHS, LIVER, KIDNEY, AND STOMACH TROUBLES.

May procure it at all Chemists and Stores, or post free from VITADATIO AGENCY, LTD., Dept. J.B., 3, Park Square, Leeds. Send 6d. for Sample Bottle and testimonials.

Spinet

The SUPER

MIXTURE & CIGARETTES

1/11 for 2 oz. 20 for 1/4.

R. & J. HILL LTD. LONDON.

THE PLAGUE CROSS.

In the days of the Great Plague of London every house wherein a victim lay was marked with a bold cross, to warn people that there was infection therein.

To-day a hidden plague, scarcely less terrible, which claims its hundreds of thousands of victims every year, is rampant in England. But because people have been ashamed to talk about it, few, outside its victims, know how terrible it is. It is the plague of Venereal Disease—Syphilis, "the bad disorder," and Gonorrhœa, almost as grave. If every house which contained a victim were marked with a cross to warn people against infection, you would be amazed to see how many crosses there would be on the doors of just one street. But since there are no warnings, men and women do not realise the risks they run.

The man who enters the door where some loose woman lives, imagining foolishly that he is going for enjoyment, is often actually going to his doom. It may well be that he contracts a disease which corrupts the whole blood, and, if untreated, will make his life a burden and torment for years. It will be too late then to wish that he had kept his love sacred for some pure girl whom he hopes to marry. Long treatment must take place and weary months elapse before the doctor can give him again a clean bill of health, and a guarantee that his children will not perish one by one in infancy.

There are some girls, too, who think it is up-to-date to have a fling before marriage. They may mean it in all innocence, but it is playing with fire, and a sudden temptation may ruin their hopes of a happy marriage and condemn them to years of infective disease.

Anyone who has been foolish enough to take the risk must at once consult a doctor, in order to avoid the appalling results which would ensue should the first stages of the disease be neglected.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking the envelope "Medical."

The National Council provides neither prescriptions nor drugs.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President: Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents: The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary: Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

For delicious

HOME-MADE BREAD

and economical

CAKES and PUDDINGS,

use

BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

TINT YOUR GREY HAIR the proper natural colour with

SHADEINE.

The universal favourite. It is instantaneous permanent & harmless. Always reliable. No unnatural tints.

Trial bottle 8d., post 10½d., 1/4 size 1/7; 3/9 size 4/3.

Of all Chemists, or direct from THE SHADEINE CO., Dept. J.B., 68, Westbourne Grove, London W.

Advice to Mothers

GIVE Your Baby Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food and he will sleep peacefully, being free from diarrhœa and constipation, will put on firm flesh, be happy, healthy and strong. Ridge's goes farthest, and is therefore the cheapest. Doctors recommend it everywhere. Of all chemists, in 6d., 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. tins. Packets, 3d.

BICYCLE BARGAINS.—Write at once for clearance lists. Premiers, Humbers, Centaurs, Swifts, Triumphs, Rovers, Raglans, Court Royals, etc., grand bicycles from £8 19 6 cash (*maker's price* £15 15 0).—George King, Ltd., Great Cycle Dealer, Coventry

REDFERN CYCLE TYRES

The better tyred the bike the less tired the rider.

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